

UNIV. OF MICHIGAN,
NOV 6 1912

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 707.

SATURDAY, JULY 23rd, 1910.

PRICE SIXPENCE BY POST, 6D.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



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74, Baker Street, W.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH AND HER SONS.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: The Duchess of Marlborough and Her Sons	TOP, 110
The Real Difficulty About Rural Education	110
Country Notes	111
Stick Insects, by Dr. George H. Rodman. (Illustrated)	113
"Dyctry of Health," by Percy D. Mundy	115
Agricultural Notes. (Illustrated)	116
Tales of Country Life: The Wife of a Genius, by V. H. Friedlaender	119
The Spirit of the Bog, by Lady Gordon. (Illustrated)	121
The Bullfinch, by J. H. Symonds. (Illustrated)	122
In the Garden, by H. Aray Tipping. (Illustrated)	124
Country Home: Broughton Hall. (Illustrated)	126
Cornish Churches. (Illustrated)	133
Wild Country Life, by H. A. Bryden	134
Literature	135
The N.R.A. Bisle Meeting. (Illustrated)	137
The Form of the Two Year Olds. (Illustrated)	138
On the Green. (Illustrated)	141
Correspondence	142
The Problems of Inheritance (Mr. W. C. D. Whetham); Bid Magpies; Cocks of the Rock at the Zoo (Mr. W. P. Pycraft); House and Garden Pests (Mr. J. Denham); How to Choose Stocks; Harvest Bugs (Mr. G. B. Wimbush); A Good Foster-mother (Mr. E. Fletcher); A Feud Between a Cat and a Dog; Lying in Wait for Rats with a "360 Gun"; A Mossy Yew (Mr. G. S. Crowe); An Interesting Hobby; Country Life in Japan; Drinking Arrangements for Cakes in Hot Weather; Snow in July (Colonel H. G. Mainwaring); A Precocious Pullet; The "Gentle Nightingale" (Mr. A. H. Boissier); An Alligator's Nest.	

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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THE REAL DIFFICULTY.
ABOUT RURAL EDUCATION.

AT the first meeting of the Conference on Rural Education Mr. Hobhouse made a speech that deserves close attention. On this subject it is the easiest thing in the world to speak or write platitudes to any possible extent. Everybody is convinced that the rural boy should not be educated in the same way as the town boy. The system usually adopted is much more suited to produce a clerk or a shopman than an intelligent farm labourer. No one doubts for a moment that cottage children would be greatly benefited if not only instruction in the art of husbandry was imparted, but if they could be inspired with a love of Nature, and to take a delight, as Wordsworth says, "In the splendour of the grass, in the glory of the flower." But Mr. Hobhouse knows, and those who have had to do with the administration of the Education Act know, that the obstacle lies in the teachers. At present there is no proper agency for training young men and women to give Nature teaching to children. The training college students who have adopted school teaching as their profession or calling do not regard it as the end of their ambition to get entangled in a little country school. We use the word "entangled" advisedly, because it is a matter of common knowledge that the youth who begins in a little country school is almost certain to stay there. The effect of the country upon him is to dull his ambitions and to rust his mind. This is not poetry, but we are very much afraid it is sad truth. The way to success in the teaching profession is to obtain a situation as assistant in a large school. The salary even at the beginning is better than it is in a country school, and the prospects are much wider. The plums are all in the towns. It thus happens that by a natural process, as Mr. Hobhouse pointed out, the inferior teachers drift into the country. It will be well to mention the two points which were dwelt on by Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Runciman respectively. The first is that, "In spite of the large amount of money already spent on our educational system, the best agricultural instructors are leaving this country for our colonies or elsewhere." Mr. Hobhouse put the reason very bluntly when he said that

it was because they could not find sufficient well-paid posts in this country.

The second point was laid down by Mr. Runciman and emphasised by Mr. Hobhouse. It was the former's statement that "he had found it impossible so far to get teachers to specialise in rural subjects." Mr. Runciman has made strenuous efforts, but in vain, to induce training colleges to make a speciality of rural subjects. The reason of this is very obvious. The best teachers do not want to go into the country. It is in the towns they find the best prospects, and to begin specialising in rural subjects is merely to accept the inevitability of having to put up with a lower position in life. Mr. Hobhouse briefly and succinctly reviewed the various efforts that have been made to combat this difficulty. First, about ten years ago, there was called into existence the Agricultural Education Committee, of which Sir William Hart Dyke was chairman. It did a certain amount of good work by bringing the questions at issue before the notice of the various departments. One result of it was the securing of the Block Grant for village schools, "which gave much greater freedom to the teaching." These are the words used by Mr. Hobhouse, and it would be idle to assert that they state an undeniable fact. From employers of labour, clergymen and many others who have opportunities of judging, we learn that the number of uneducated persons in the villages is steadily increasing. It is astonishing that in these days many grown men and women should not be able either to read or write their own names. That they exist, however, is within the knowledge of the present writer. In a village of which he knows most of the inhabitants there are at least a dozen who are totally ignorant of the rudiments of learning. There are families of young people, boys and girls, who have just reached maturity who cannot read or write. They have all gone to school at the usual period of life. Under the old system of personal examination the teacher would have been obliged to show results in each case or have suffered in his report. To-day the very stupid or incurably idle pupils appear to be passed over altogether, and the number of the grossly ignorant is therefore swelled. These facts are by no means new to the British public. They have been stated very frequently during the last few years, and we do not think that anyone who has made a candid and intelligent enquiry into the circumstances will admit that there is any room for denial. Yet, if this is admitted, Mr. Hobhouse's complacent eulogy of the Block Grant system loses a great deal of its point. He went on to refer to the Departmental Committee of Agricultural Education; but this scarcely bears on the question before us, as it dealt chiefly with higher education, and took little account of the needs of the cottage. "Coming down to last year," in his own words, "we had that very important measure passed into law to create the Development Commission and to place large sums at the disposal of agricultural education, sums which have been estimated by no less an authority than the Chancellor of the Exchequer at two hundred thousand pounds, or even a quarter of a million, a year. Then we had last year two important meetings called by the County Councils' Association at which both local bodies were largely represented to discuss these various problems, and I think those of you who were present at these conferences will agree with me that at any rate they elicited that there was a very large agreement among educationists and agriculturists as to the lines on which we should work." In spite of all this, the country has unfortunately no reason to be satisfied with what has been done. The education of country children has undergone very little change, and the boys and girls of the present moment, as far as we can judge, from what is bound to be only partial observation, are neither imbued with much love of the country nor are they versed in the art of tillage; while there is very little sign of their caring any more than their forefathers did for remaining on the land.

At the preliminary meeting something was said about the reluctance of the ratepayer to provide the necessary funds for dealing adequately with the problem, and we do not know that the ratepayer is much to be blamed, for the local and imperial imposts have increased enormously of recent years, and his burden is now almost as heavy as he can bear. The practical intelligence of those assembled for the purpose ought to be sufficient to find a solution that will not be so very expensive.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Duchess of Marlborough with her two sons, the Marquess of Blandford and Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill. Her marriage took place in 1895.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



ARRANGEMENTS have very nearly been completed for the production of the new coinage rendered necessary by the accession of George V. It is a change that requires a considerable time to make. In the case of the late King, nearly a year expired before the new coinage was issued. He succeeded in January, 1901, and the Order in Council and Proclamation determining new designs for gold and bronze coins was issued on December 4th of the same year, and came into force on New Year's Day, 1902. The order relating to silver coins was not approved until January 13th. It is understood that the only change contemplated this year is the Royal effigy, for which Mr. Bertram MacKinnal, R.A., the Australian sculptor, is now making designs. It is almost a pity that the Latin inscription is to be retained. Of course, it is sanctioned by long usage, but, on the other hand, we cannot imagine any of the great nations of antiquity using either a foreign or a dead language on their coinage. The Roman emperors did not describe themselves in Greek, nor the Greeks in the language of the Egyptians.

It is very satisfactory to see how popular the Anglo-Japanese Exhibition has become now that it has got thoroughly under way. In many respects the visit of the Japanese has been a revelation to the ordinary Englishman. We all knew of the wonderful progress in business methods that has been taking place in Japan during the last quarter of a century, but few realised that the country is developing very much on the same lines as ourselves. At the banquet given to Baron Oura, exactly the same company of Japanese as English might have mustered, and indeed, did muster. There were statesmen, some of them, like Baron Oura, eloquent, some prosy, but all efficient and able men of affairs. There were persons distinguished in literature, science and art. What was very gratifying to all was that there were many Japanese guests who had never been in England before who were yet able to express their meaning clearly and intelligibly in our language. This is certainly a great advantage for them to possess. How many Englishmen, we would like to know, who have never been to Japan can read or speak the Japanese language? It would be difficult to fill a banquet hall with them.

The widening of communication between different countries has always proved a stimulus to the transaction of greater business between them, and it is also a great factor in the promotion of peace. It is very evident that nations whose monetary interests are closely intertwined will always prefer not to quarrel if quarrelling can be avoided. These are the general conditions that make so welcome the various successful efforts that have been made during the past year to facilitate communication between widely dissembled people. It will be remembered that when Lord Rosebery made his famous speech to the representatives of the Colonial Press, the practical point that was pushed home by the ablest of them was the reduction of cable rates. Much correspondence and interviewing took place, and in the end a very considerable reduction was made. The Government on its part has not been idle, as witness the construction of a new telephone cable to the Continent.

This is constructed on the "loading coils" system, and renders telephonic speech much more intelligible. As the French Government is understood to be laying an alternative line, it seems in every way likely that this will render conversation much easier between speakers on opposite sides of the Channel. At present the line is being chiefly used for Amsterdam, Berlin and other cities in Germany.

In the House of Commons on Monday an interesting question was asked and answered about small holdings in the Home Counties. Many influences have combined to enhance the demand for them. There is a growing tendency to consume more fruit and vegetables; more effective means of cultivation have come into use; marketing has been facilitated; and poultry-keeping on small holdings can be more profitably managed now than was the case a few years ago. Thus the demand is always growing keener, especially in the counties of Surrey, Kent, Middlesex and Essex. Mr. Noel Buxton asked the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Agriculture whether a Special Commissioner could not be appointed for these counties, and what steps the Board is taking to overcome the difficulty. Sir Edward Strachey's answer was instinct with good sense. Against the demand that has been increased by legitimate and natural causes legislation is powerless. Land is bound to go up in value in the Home Counties, and the appointment of a Special Commissioner or any other steps imaginable cannot hinder it. That is an elementary truth in economics to which small holders as well as the rest of the world must submit. Already fifteen hundred acres of land have been acquired in Kent and three hundred in Surrey, and compulsory orders have been made for the acquisition of a further one hundred and eleven acres in the latter county.

A SEA SONG.

I heard a Mermaid, or a Fay,
Sing in the twilight yesterday.
Across the fields of bending wheat
It echoed slow, and ah, so sweet!
A tender song, a mystic thing,
Above the Sea's soft murmuring.
"A Dream-song, sweet and true," thought I,
"See how the bracken fronds grow high,
May be, where scarlet poppies frown
The lark has set her cradle down,
Or, from yon furze the linnet sings
His joyful heart's imaginings."
Silence!—Ah, listen!—could it be?—
Where sharp the cliff leans to the sea,
There hung a vision,—mystic—fair,—
A gleam of wondrous golden hair,
Then,—NOTHING!

Now the sea-mists rise,

I search with dim bewildered eyes
For that fair presence,—listening long
If haply I may hear the song,
Which thrilled the twilight yesterday,—
A Mermaid, or perhaps a Fay!

FAY INCHFAWN.

The tramp nuisance is one of those things which are always with us, and how to deal with it is a difficulty on the part of all local authorities. It assumes different forms in different districts. In Wiltshire, for example, the greatest annoyance occurs on Sundays, the time when country people are much in the habit of going from their own homes to attend church or to visit their friends. They find that the number of vagrants is so great as to be a danger to the property of those who follow the usual custom in this respect. On this account the County Vagrancy Committee and the Standing Joint Committee of the County Council at their meeting on Saturday last agreed to memorialise the Local Government Board in regard to the detention of tramps on Sunday. The fact that the Earl of Pembroke supported this resolution affords reasonable proof that in the opinion of the inhabitants some step of the kind is needed. Pressure of this kind, judiciously applied, would, one may imagine, produce an abatement of the tramp nuisance, even if it did not do away with it altogether.

Mr. Claude Lowther has earned the gratitude of the country. He has purchased the entire estate on which the ruins of Hurstmonceux Castle are situated, and thus taken the most effectual means possible of preventing it from falling into the wrong hands. The history of the place scarcely needs recapitulation in our columns, as our readers probably know it well. It took its name from the first owner Waleran de Monceux, and passed by direct descent to the

family of Fiennes. The castle itself was built in 1440 by Sir Roger Fiennes, who was afterwards summoned to Parliament as Sir Baron Dacre. Traces of the moat that it possessed in those days are still to be seen. Much of the fortress still stands, and is of the highest interest to historians and the antiquarian. It is understood that Mr. Claude Lowther intends eventually to leave Hurstmonceux to the nation.

In the middle of summer it is an established custom to hold an International chess tournament, the players probably liking to enjoy something of a holiday simultaneously with their competition. This year the meeting is at Hamburg, where, at the moment of writing, about a hundred chess gladiators are assembled from the most remote parts of the world. The only English representative is a newcomer to the International field, Mr. Yates, who has distinguished himself in home competitions during the past year. It was expected that the wonderful Cuban genius, Capablanca, would take part, but at the last moment he telegraphed that he would be unable to do so. We are sorry to miss Mr. Blackburn's name; his absence reminds us that next year will see the fiftieth anniversary of his appearance in the chess world. During half a century the "black death of chess players," as he used to be called on the Continent, has upheld the traditional greatness of this country in the royal game, and we hope something suitable will be done in commemoration of the day.

In the racing world as elsewhere, the public is always delighted with a duel. Excitement invariably reaches its highest pitch when two champions emerge from the crowd and try conclusions with one another. The moralist points to English history and says it is made up of such antagonisms. Fox against Pitt, Beaconsfield against Gladstone, Mr. Asquith against Mr. Balfour, have furnished exciting struggles that command the attention of the whole world. It seems a step downward from the politician to the race-horse, and yet it is the same zest for a good fight that causes so much interest to be felt in the struggle for mastery between Neil Gow and Lemberg, who ran a dead heat for the Eclipse Stakes. These two horses, from their first appearance, have been regarded as very nearly equal by the best judges. There remains a final contest between them, and it will be watched with as much attention as ever was a bout at fisticuffs or a set-to with rapier and dagger.

One of the most interesting flower exhibitions of the year, apart from the great displays in the Temple Gardens and Holland Park, was that in the Horticultural Hall on Tuesday last. It was noteworthy not only for the excellence of the exhibits, but their variety. The fuchsias were among the most interesting features, and the beautiful masses representing the finest types seem to indicate that they are once again regaining their lost popularity. Practically every phase of English gardening was represented, and the vegetables illustrated the remarkable excellence attained by the cultivation of the vast series of kinds now available for our tables. Visitors were astonished to see the wonderful group of fruit trees grown in pots, a method of cultivation in such seasons as this that cannot be too strongly recommended. This applies more especially to the private garden, but fruit-growing under these conditions is increasing in the larger trade nurseries. Figs, peaches, nectarines and apricots are among the more favoured fruits for culture in this way, and may be recommended to those who have only comparatively small gardens. Excellent produce may be obtained from a cold house.

A recent and interesting development in connection with the prosaic subject of railways is to be seen on the District Railway of London, and this is in progress elsewhere. For many years the country station garden has been a garden of beauty, brilliant with flowers, and the efforts of those responsible for it were encouraged by the company itself. But those who remember the smoky, evil-smelling London railways of old realise the change. Now baskets of scarlet geraniums hang from the station rafters, and wherever possible a little parterre of flowers is planted where once was barrenness. Such beneficent efforts as these to brighten even the railway journey to our large cities are worthy of praise.

In the course of another week or so the duck will have become fair game for the sportsman, but a little anecdote, sent by a correspondent, who signs himself "H. F. I.," almost makes us regret the bird's tragical fate. He says: "On Sunday last I was taking afternoon tea in the spacious drawing-room of a mansion in one of the Southern Counties, not far from the sea. There were five ladies present and as many men. The doors were open and we were laughing and chatting somewhat noisily, when in marched twelve young wild ducks, about three weeks old, all

unconcerned, followed by their proud mother. They left hurriedly. These little ducks had been hatched about half a mile away in the park, and came up daily to be fed on the lawn near the front door. They had clambered up some steps and come through the hall and corridor fully twenty-five yards, before they found us in the drawing-room."

Constantinople is getting rid of its dogs, according to a special correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, in a manner that does not speak highly of the civilisation of the Turk. The unfortunate creatures are first caught with long-handled iron tongs, and then they are thrust into wooden crates and carried to the Golden Horn, where they are dumped on the refuse wharf. After that they are transferred to a barge and carried over to the island of Plati, which was described by Lew Wallace as 'a Gehenna for criminals.' There they quarrel, fight, starve, till death comes to them. The description of the manner in which they are carried over to this place is too horrible to be quoted. The poor animals are thrown into the water near Oxia, and as soon as they swim ashore are assaulted by the other dogs, who are jealous of their arrival and unwilling to let them share in the scanty supply of bread and water which seems to be all that is meted out to feed them. "The dogs must go, but we dare not kill them," is the sentimental excuse made by the authorities for this very cruel treatment.

JOURNEYING.

Journeying
In the darkness and the sparkless
Pitch of night,
Without knowing, with nought showing
Which the left, and which the right,
Journeying.
Suddenly
Bright there gleamed me, as it seemed me,
Through the night
O amazement, from a casement
A single candle's blessed light—
Suddenly.
Hastening
When I neared it, as I feared it,
That sad night,
Without warning, from my yearning
Eyes, was held that glow so bright—
Hastening.
Reviling
That subtil seeming, sometimes gleaming
Through the night,
Backward sliding, without guiding
On I stumbled through the night,
Reviling.
Wandering
Again that candle from a portal
On that night
Gave light to me, so bright to see,
I almost doubted its respite,
Wandering.
Comforting,
Not chidingly, but guiding me,
Through the night,
A voice allured me, and assured me,
"I left thee dark the door to light"—
Comforting.

FRANK SEYMOUR.

An important meeting of the Privy Council was held on Tuesday, and at it Mr. Thomas Hardy and Sir William Crookes were decorated with the Order of Merit. Most worthy are they of this distinction. Mr. Thomas Hardy is probably the best prose writer of the present age, and the poetry written during the later years of his life has revealed unlimited potentialities in this direction also. We are sure that his contemporaries will, one and all, rejoice that he has been selected for this honour. In the region of science Sir William Crookes is almost equally illustrious, and the success of his life-work is a warranty for the honour paid him. At the same meeting it was finally decided that the Coronation should take place some time next June. It will be fervently hoped by the loyal subjects of King George that no such shadow creeps over the event as darkened the day appointed for the Coronation of King Edward VII.

To those of us who have a considerable experience of life, there is nothing more welcome than the triumph of youth, and it must be admitted that the rising generation has come off very well during the course of the last two or three weeks. Its first great victory and its second were at cricket. In the

Varsity match Mr. Le Couteur was the hero of the game. It was his bat and his ball that won victory for his side. But still more brilliant was the achievement of Mr. Fowler, the captain of the Eton team. He showed in the match with Harrow a degree of pluck, resolution and high spirit that made the day memorable to every spectator and ought to mark him out for a high career. The match was one that future generations will talk about. The Bisley Meeting witnessed what was an even more distinguished performance.

Corporal Radice, a young student of Oxford University, accomplished the unprecedented distinction of carrying off both the gold and silver medals at the same meeting. On another page we give a picture that is very suggestive of the immense enthusiasm excited by the winning of the King's Prize. It seems promising and hopeful that those who are only beginning to come to the front should be capable of deeds that require perfect muscles and perfect nerves for their achievement.

STICK INSECTS.

TO the student of natural history the stick insects (Phasmidae) afford material of considerable interest, and if some of these remarkable animals are obtained and carefully tended during the various stages of their life, their keeper cannot but be charmed with their life-history, and especially if he possess the means for investigating their minute structure with a microscope.

The specimens from which the accompanying photographs have been made have been in the possession of the writer for some time past, and a considerable amount of trouble has been taken to secure permanent records of them from time to time when occasion offered. As will be seen from the illustrations Nos. 1, 2 and 3, they resemble to a surprising extent portions of dead, or at any rate leafless, twigs, and to

country, but are found in Australia, North India, the West Indies, Fiji, Singapore, the Malay Peninsula, and I believe, coming nearer home, specimens are to be seen in the olive groves of South Italy. Suffice it to say that their natural home is a warmer and more tropical one than our own country can provide. The species from various countries differ in size, and examples are to be found in places which reach the length of some ten or eleven inches. In the Natural History Museum at South Kensington there are several specimens to be seen which measure nearly a foot in length. These came from East Australia, and look very formidable creatures when compared with the smaller variety that we are more particularly dealing with at the present time. Speaking generally, I believe that the larger examples are to be found in the hotter climates.



THREE STICK INSECTS (*Bacillus Rossi*). Half size. THE SAME THREE INSECTS, but with additional sticks. Half size. TWO STICK INSECTS AND EGGS. Half size.

bring out this point they have here been depicted on twigs of a form that they closely resemble. To a casual observer it is extremely difficult to discriminate between the animal and vegetable substances. This is rendered all the more difficult, seeing that the colour of the insects, either a dull green or a brown, resembles the branches or twigs of the tree or shrub upon which they live. The similarity, both as regards colour and form, between the insect and its surroundings affords an excellent example of mimicry, and naturally protects the creatures from being easily recognised, and they are in this way saved to a great extent from attracting the attention of their enemies.

The stick insects, or, as they are sometimes styled, walking-stick insects (*Bacillus Rossi*) are not natives of our

The full-grown specimens at present in the writer's possession measure about five inches in length. They are easily kept in a warm room or conservatory, in a glass vivarium or live box, and feed readily upon the leaves of some of our common shrubs. The privet is apparently their favourite food, though at times they will eat euonymus or rose leaves. They are entirely vegetable feeders, and in their natural state live upon grasses and the leaves and succulent stems of shrubs and trees, where their varied forms enable them to rest concealed. They are of nocturnal habits, remaining so quiet as to appear dead during the hours of daylight, and it is only during the night that they can be seen at all active. During the daytime they are generally to be seen hanging from a branch, and to allow of this, Nature has



FOOT OF FORE LEG OF YOUNG STICK INSECT. $\times 50$.

EXTENSOR SURFACE OF FRONT FOOT OF ADULT STICK INSECT. $\times 24$.

FLEXOR SURFACE OF BACK FOOT OF ADULT STICK INSECT. $\times 24$.

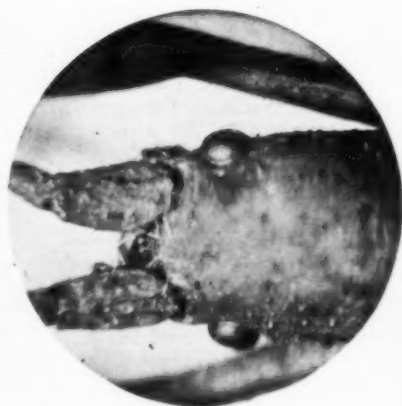
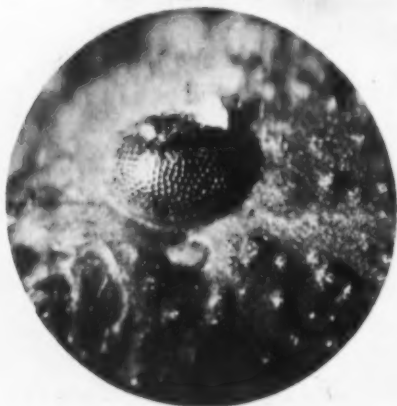
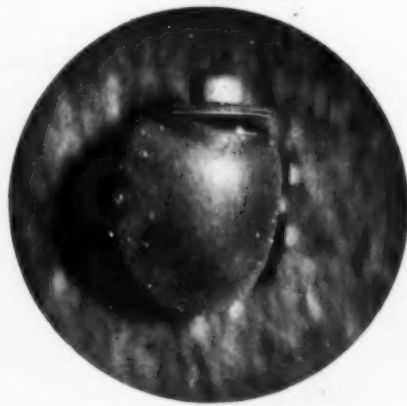
FOUR STICK INSECTS (*Bacillus Rossi*). Half size.

possess a peculiar sucker-like structure placed in between the hooks, and this appears to resemble in action the leather sucker with which when boys we used to lift stones. An enlarged representation of these organs is to be seen in the photographs. No. 5 has been photographed with the extensor surface showing, but No. 6 perhaps shows more clearly the structure of the foot on its flexor side. The six feet that the insect possesses have all a similar construction, and this will explain why they are to be seen hanging head downwards as frequently as in what we

provided them with a pair of minute hooks attached to each of their six feet, by means of which they are able to suspend themselves during the hours of sleep. These hooks are represented in illustrations Nos. 4, 5 and 6. To allow of their getting a foothold upon any smooth, polished surface, their feet

their sensitive surface. (See No. 8.)

The eyes are of the form known as compound and resemble those generally found in other insects. They are faceted in many directions; each facet receives a separate image, and this enables the animal to obtain a view in various directions and even to appreciate an object approaching it from behind. A photomicrograph of the faceted eye is shown in the ninth illustration. So keen are the sensations received by the eye that a peculiar condition was observed on one occasion when placing four living specimens upon a white card in a good light to secure a photograph of them. The insects from being very active became hypnotised, and remained absolutely still in the various typical positions seen in the picture obtained (No. 7).

HEAD SHOWING EYES AND FORE LEG ARCH OF ADULT INSECT. $\times 10$.EYE OF ADULT INSECT in situ. $\times 21$.THREE EGGS OF STICK INSECT (*Bacillus Rossi*). $\times 10$.HATCHING OF EGG, Stage I. $\times 11$.

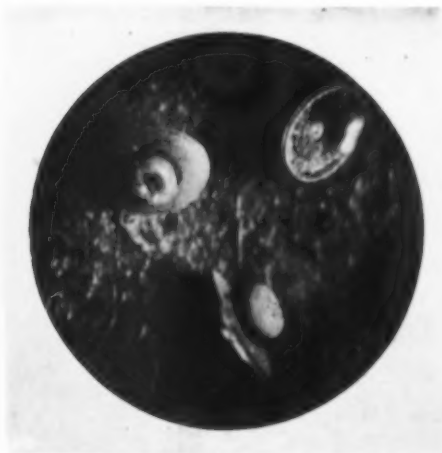
might regard as a more comfortable position with the head upwards.

By means of these suctional pads the insects are able to walk up a polished surface, a shiny leaf, or even a sheet of glass, for example. While walking they have a peculiar swaying gait, which may possibly help to disguise their presence and enable them to simulate the movement of a branch acted upon by the wind. When disturbed or handled they are apt to extend their legs and fold them along the sides of their bodies, the front pair being held over their head much in the way that one

sees a diver placing his arms before entering the water. The uppermost specimen in No. 7 shows this attitude. When in this position they cover their eyes, and to prevent pressure upon these delicate organs, which stand out from the sides of the head, nature has arched their fore limbs so as to avoid any pressure being exerted upon

This experiment was repeated, and allowed of the taking of the first photograph.

In No. 2 it will be observed that an additional couple of portions of twig have been laid upon the insects, and even that interference with their comfort did not in any way disturb the spell under which they were held. One of the most remarkable features of the stick insects is to be observed in the process of the hatching of their eggs, which take the form of small, dark brown spheres, shaped like a ginger-jar, with a light, yellow-coloured cap. The eggs (No. 10) measure about one-tenth of an inch in their longest diameter, and do not hatch till they have been laid several months. When the embryo insect is about to escape from the egg, the yellow cap, or lid, is raised, as is seen in the eleventh photograph, and then pushed off. Specimens of the lids after being thrust off are depicted in No. 12. They have been photographed in several directions, so as

THREE LIDS OF EGGS OF STICK INSECT, Stage II. $\times 14$.HATCHING OF EGG, Stage III. $\times 10$.



HATCHING OF EGG, Stage IV. $\times 12$.

and the antennæ, two hair-like feelers springing from the head and believed to be the organs of hearing—a photomicrograph of the bulbous end of one is seen in No. 17—are the first portions to escape from the shell, and these are followed by the legs in succession. The tail of the animal is the last portion to escape. These points are pictured in the illustrations numbered 13, 14, 15 and 16.

The newly-hatched insect is to all appearance a perfectly-formed creature, only differing from the adult specimen in point of size. It has power of locomotion and begins to feed within a short time of its birth; gradually increasing in size, it casts its skin some four or five times during its progress

to show their structure. The young insect then gradually escapes in the way shown in the photographs 13 to 16. It will be a matter of astonishment to an observer how the freshly-hatched insect, which measures about three-quarters of an inch in length, can have found room to exist while in the shell. The head

so are students of entomology. Under the guidance of the very able masters and professors at the various schools and universities, they, as a rule, obtain very good instruments. In their leisure they will find both amusement and instruction in the study of the remarkable insects whose ways I have tried to describe and more or less to illustrate.



HATCHING OF EGG, Stage V. $\times 25$.

GEORGE H. RODMAN

"DYETRY OF HEALTH."

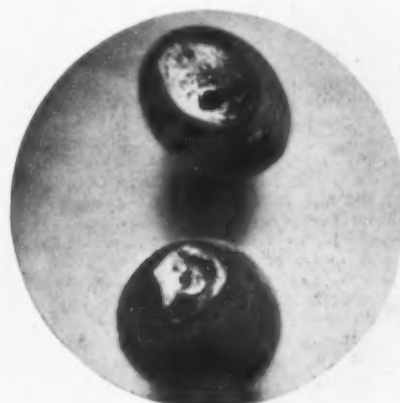
IN the year 1490, Andrew Boorde, doctor, traveller and author, was born at Boorde's Hill, near Cuckfield, in Sussex. In 1542 he published his "Dyetry of Health," which is dedicated to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk. It is full of sound, common-sense advice, quaintly and humorously expressed, and no doubt proved a veritable "guide, philosopher and friend" to our ancestors in the sixteenth century. From its title one would suppose that the book dealt chiefly with medical subjects; but this is by no



HATCHING OF EGG, Stage VI. $\times 25$.



TIP OF ANTEENNA OF YOUNG STICK INSECT. $\times 138$.



HATCHING OF EGGS Stage VII. $\times 10$.

towards maturity. The moulted skin or exuvium, as it is called, is an object of considerable interest, and when examined under a low power of the microscope is found to be a complete cast of the animal. The whole of the surface of the body, limbs, antennæ, and even the outer surface of the eyes, share in the desquamation, and in the specimen from which the nineteenth photograph was obtained the imprint of the faceted surface of the cornea of the compound eye was distinctly visible. No. 18 shows the empty egg shell after the escape of the young insect. In one of the specimens the hole in the lining membrane through which the insect escaped is clearly visible.

It should be mentioned that the eggs after being laid should not be allowed to become too dry, as if that happens they will either not come to maturity or the emerging insect will not be able to escape completely from its shell. In No. 3 the small black spots are eggs; they and the two insects here have been photographed half size.

At this time of day one does not need to enlarge on the fascination of microscopical work. Botanical students are annually increasing in number, and

means the case, for besides setting forth the author's views on "the whole duty of man," it contains much worldly advice with regard to building, laying out gardens and the general management of an estate. First we find recommendations as to "where a man shuld cytuate or set his mancyon place or howse for the helth of his body." This, says Andrew Boorde, should be in a "cuntre of mylke and hunny," where pasture and woods abound, where there is an ample supply of water, "specyally for parrell [peril] the whiche myghte fall by fyre." The builder is to be careful to select "a convenyent soyle," and a good site where there are pleasant prospects of woods, water, fields, vales and hills; and special attention is to be given to the air of the district, for if this be salubrious, we are told, it "doth conserve the life of man" and "comfort the brain."

A whole chapter is devoted to the selection of a suitable site for a mansion house, and, having so far beguiled his readers, the good doctor bethinks him that it is necessary to warn the ambitious that the expenses of building are heavy and not to be undertaken without due consideration. "There goeth to buildinge," he says, "many a nayle, many pynnes, many lathes, and many tyles or slates, or straws, besyde other greater charges, as timber, bordes, lyme, sand, stones, or brycke, besyde the workmanshype and the implements." He adds that people will regard a man as "lyght-wyttyd" if he sets up a great house "and is not able to kepe man nor mowse," and has "nowe to ron for malt, and by-and-by for salt; now to send for breade, and by-and-by



THE CAST SKIN (EXUVIUM) OF STICK INSECT. $\times 3$.

to sende for a shepes-head; and now to sende for this, & nowe for that; and by-&-by he doth sende he cannot tell for what."

For those who are in doubt as to how to arrange their expenditure, Andrew Boorde gives the following advice to divide the income into three parts: The first part to pay for household expenses; the second part to pay for personal apparel, servants' wages, servants' apparel and works of charity; the third part to pay for "urgent causes in tyme of nede, as in sicknesse, reparacyon of howses, with many other cotydyall expences, besydes rewardes & the charges of a man's last end." In addition to this the would-be builder is recommended that, if he is wise, he "will have, or he do sette up his householde, ii, or iii, yeares rent in his cofer."

Having thus delivered himself of his warning, the writer of the "Dyetry of Health" reverts to the subject of the "mancyon house." The chief prospects are to be east and west, "specyally North-east, South-east, and South-west, for the merydial wynde doth corrupt and doth make evyl vapours," while "the East wynde is temperate, fryske, and fragrant." The plan of the house is to be so arranged that the parlour is at the head, and the buttery-pantry at the lower end. Beneath the pantry is to be the "seller," and the kitchen, pastry-house and larder are to communicate with the buttery. The whole is to be surrounded by a quadrangular court, with a gate-house opposite the entrance. The "privy-chamber" and the other chambers are to be annexed to the chamber of state, "so that many of the chambres maye have a prospecte in to the Chapell."

We need not refer at length to the situation of the stables, the slaughter-house, the dairy, or the brew-house, except to notice that they are to be placed at a considerable distance from the main dwelling. There is to be "a fayre gardain repleted wyth herbes of aromatyck & redolent savours," a fruit orchard, "a park repleted with dere and conyes," and for recreation a pair of butts and a bowling alley are recommended.

Having built his house, in accordance with his means, and on the lines laid down above, "there must be a fyre kept continually for a space to drye up the contagious moysters of the walles, & the savour of the lyme and sande." And after that a man may ly and dwell in the sayd mancyon without takinge any inconvenyence of sickenes." Next the doctor sets down what he conceives to be the proper duties of the master of the house. In addition to being always ready for death, he is to see that none be idle in his house, and "to punyssh swearers, for," says Andrew Boorde, "in all the worlde there is not such odyble [audible] swearing as is used in Englande, specyally amonge youth & chyl dren."

With regard to the proper amount of sleep, the doctor tells us that seven hours are sufficient for sanguine or choleric men, nine hours for phlegmatic men, and as long as they please for melancholy men. He who indulges in a post-prandial snooze is harshly treated: he is told that, if he must so indulge, "then let hym stand, and leane and slepe agaynst a cupborde, or els let hym sytte upryght in a chayr & slepe." Before bedtime, says the doctor, "be you mery, or have mery company aboute you, so that, to bedwarde, no anger nor hevynes, sorowe nor pency-fulnes, do trouble or disquyet you."

A fire in the sleeping chamber is recommended, the windows are to be closed, and a scarlet night-cap is to be worn. On rising in the morning a walk of a mile or two is to be taken, before hearing mass or prayers. This is to be followed by exercise at labour, or tennis, bowls, or "paysyng wayghtes or plomettes of ledde in your handes, or some other thynges, to open your poores, and to augment naturall hete."

Dinner and supper are to consist of two or three dishes at most. Two meals a day are considered sufficient for an idle man, but three may be permitted to a labourer. He who eats more frequently "lyveth a beastly lyfe"—which is somewhat severe on the modern customs of afternoon tea and theatre suppers!

On sanitary matters the "Dyetry of Health" is more advanced than one would expect. It condemns the overcrowding of rooms and the use of bed-chambers "the whiche be deprieved clene from the sonne & open ayre." It also insists that "no sweeping of howses and chambres" be done "as long as any honest man is within the precynct of the howse," and warns the reader to "beware of the snoffe [snuff] of candelles, and the savour of apples, for these thynges be contagious and infectyus."

Andrew Boorde has no sympathy with the teetotaler. He says "water is not holosome sole by it selfe"; and he prefers rain-water to well-water, on the ground that the sun "hath no reflexyon" on the latter. Wine he approves of for all but children and maidens, and refers to a number of old-fashioned wines, such as Muscadell, Bastard, Alicant, Tent and others, which it is not easy, owing to the quaint spelling, to identify. Ale, he says, is the natural drink for an Englishman; and he regrets the introduction of beer, "for it killeth those the whiche be troubled with the colycke," and makes men fat and paunchy.

Good bread he considers most essential to health, and complains that the bakers of that day were none too honest. Salt beef, he says, "doth make an Englysshe man stronge," but mutton he does not approve of except for the sick, and pork he abhors like any Jew. The flesh of the hare is on no account to be eaten, for it "doth engender melancholy humours"; sparrows are hard of digestion and to be

shunned. The flesh of all small birds is recommended, with the exception of "tynoses, colm ses, and wrens, the whiche doth eate spyders and poyson." Good old Andrew admits that venison is considered unwholesome, because the deer "doth lyve in feare," but, of the physicians who forbid it, he says, "let them take the skyn, and let me have the flesshe." Continuing, he adds, "I am sure it is a lordes dysshe, and I am sure it is good for an Englysshe man, for it doth anymate hym to be as he is, whiche is stronge and hardy."

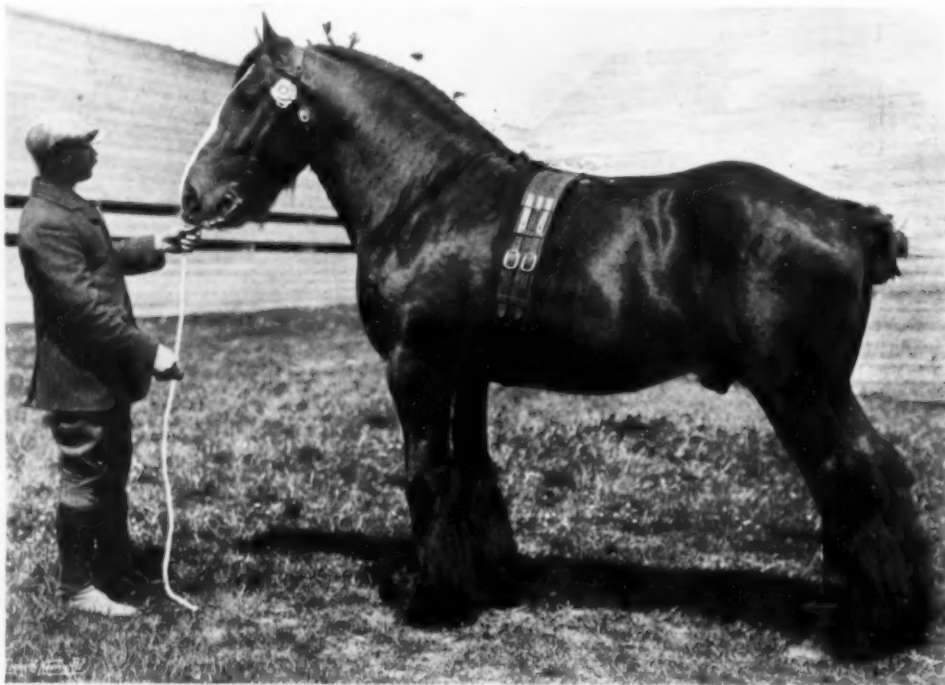
A curious chapter is that devoted to the treatment of those "whiche be madde, and out of theyr wytte." The patient is to be kept "in some close howse or chamber, where there is lytell lyght." He is to have a keeper whom he fears, and no knife, sheres, "nor other edge toule" is to be allowed him. His head is to be shaved once a month, and in the house or chamber in which he is kept "let there be no paynted clothes, nor paynted wallys, nor pyctures of man nor woman, or fowle, or beast; for such thynges maketh them ful of fantasieses." Having shown his readers how they should live their life, Andrew Boorde concludes with advice as to "how a sycke man shulde be ordered, and how a sycke man shulde be used that is lykely to dye." He is to have two or three good nurses, "the whiche at all tymes must be dyligent, and not slepysshe, sloudgysshe, or sluttysshe." These attendants are not to weep or wail; and babbling women in the sick room are to be particularly avoided. When it is seen that the sick man cannot recover he is to be spoken to "of ghostly and godly matters." Andrew Boorde was an enthusiastic and patriotic Englishman. He loved his own country and his fellow-men. In an age of superstition and darkness it is evident that he was groping towards the light. "The people of England," he concludes, "be as good as any people in any other lande and nacion that ever I have travayled in, yea, and much more better in many thynges, specially in maners & manhod."

PERCY D. MUNDY.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

LOCAL AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.

THIS is the very middle of the show-time, and it is much to be regretted that the weather has broken so badly as to discourage the attendance of all except those who have a keen personal interest. Among those shows that we would



F. Babbage.

BABINGLEY GOOD LUCK.

Lord Rothschild's famous Shire.

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like to notice, we may begin in the North with the Northumberland Show held at Morpeth. This part of the country is famous for its shorthorns; and the most distinguished winner was Mr. G. Harrison, who was first in the class for aged bulls and in that for two year old bulls. He was first and second in the class for cows, and first, second and third in the class for heifers calved in 1908. This was a good record. Mr. Glahome brought out a capital Aberdeen-Angus, Plunger of Benton. Among other winners were Lord Allendale and Mr. T. H. Bainbridge. The Scremerston Coal Company and Mr. David P. Elliott had their own way in the classes for Border Leicesters, and there was a very good show of black-faced mountain sheep. There was an excellent display of cart-horses, and fortunately for the visitors the weather was splendid throughout.

The Lincolnshire Show was equally favoured with good weather when it opened at Spalding. This is pre-eminently the county of the Shire horse, and the entry of one hundred and seventy-two was a record one. Sir Berkeley Sheffield's Slipton King, champion at the London Shire Horse Show, won easily, and so did Bardon Forest Princess, the champion at the Royal. The Shire Horse Society's medal was given to Menestrel Forest Queen, and Slipton King won the championship.

After a week's delay the Sussex County Show opened in good weather, and it produced a very fine display of livestock. The feature of the meeting was a number of splendid Shires, which were shown by the president, the Duke of Devonshire. One of these, a two year old black filly, had an exciting contest with Sir Walpole Greenwell's Dunsmore Chessie. There was not much to choose between them. The Duke carried off the first prize for stallion with Holker Menestrel II., by Birdsall Menestrel. There was an exceedingly good show of Jersey cattle, Lord Rothschild, Mr. Miller Hallett and Mrs. McIntosh all scoring well.

Derbyshire Show was notable chiefly for the display of first-rate stock by tenant farmers. Shorthorns proved themselves the favourite cattle of the county, though there was a scarcity of pedigree dairy cows. At the Cambridge-shire Show the strongest section was that devoted to Shire horses. Mares with foals at foot came out in force. The medal was given to Mr. Griffin's Boro' Forest Queen, a famous mare who well deserved her honours, Tatton Aurora being the reserve. The male championship was carried off by Mr. Rowell for Thornton King, the reserve being Mr. Bailey's Rickford Victor Chief.

WARBLES.

It used to be the opinion that the warble-fly laid its eggs on the backs of cattle in summer, and that the maggots which hatched out of these eggs bored their way through the skin, and in due time developed into the ugly and too well-known warble; and farmers were advised to dress the backs and loins of their cattle during the summer with preparations consisting mainly of whale oil and sulphur. The writer used to carry out this treatment regularly with cattle under his charge, and there is no question about the fact that grazing cattle and milch cows which were dressed once every fourteen days or so appeared to be quite unmolested by flies, while cattle in the adjoining fields were careering round the fences like mad things. But the Irish Agricultural Department now tell us the old views are all wrong. They have come to the conclusion that smearing in summer, after the fly is out, to prevent egg-laying appears to be useless, and they are constrained to admit that they do not know how the maggots gain access under the skin of the backs of animals attacked. No better remedy can be, as yet, suggested by the Department than the very obvious plan of destroying the warbles before they escape from the animals' backs in spring. J. C.

COPPER SULPHATE AND POTATOES.

During the spring I wrote about an old farmer's recipe for preventing potato disease, which was to soak the seed potatoes in a solution of copper sulphate or bluestone. At once those who knew wrote and showed up the utter fallacy of the idea, but I resolved to give the thing a trial. I had a piece of land, which I broke up out of permanent pasture in January. With the very trying spring it was difficult to get this

lias stonerush in condition; but at last I got it fairly workable, and planted the following varieties: Sharpe's Express, Sir John Llewelyn, Duke of York, Early Roses, Scotch Epicures and a few Axbridge Jacks. Previous to planting I dressed the land with Cooper's Apterite to clear out wireworms, etc., which would have been in the old turf. Then on this perfectly non-contaminated land the treated and non-treated seed were planted, some side by side, others in patches so as to preclude soil upsetting the experiments.

Manure was applied. This was cow-manure made in an outshed during the summer and winter months. To make the experiment as complete as possible, all the seed potatoes were purchased from the same firm. In one patch of Sharpe's Express, the soil of which did not receive either soil fumigant or manure, the whole of the haulm is already badly diseased, with the exception of the row which was soaked in sulphate of copper. There is not, so far, a diseased leaf in this row. Now it is a well-known fact that Early Roses are about one of the most susceptible varieties to potato disease, so I dressed these, and there is not a spot on them or either the Sir John Llewelyns, Duke of Yorks or Sharpe's Express, but where the treatment left off there is a sharp dividing line.

E. W.

MANURING FOR SWEDES.

The Lancashire County Council Education Committee recently carried out some very practical experiments in the cultivation of swedes; and although the sowing of this crop for this year is about over, it is not too late to make a few trials at home by broadcasting any artificial fertilizers the profitable use of which is suggested by the conclusions arrived at by the above-mentioned authority. The leading objects of the Lancashire experiments were (1) to find whether it is more profitable to use a heavy dressing of farmyard manure than a moderate dressing supplemented by artificial fertilizers, and (2) whether it is necessary to use a complete mixture of artificial fertilizers with the moderate dressing of farmyard manure. The results of using 10 tons of farmyard manure per

acre in one case and 20 tons in another were compared, and it was found that while the first produced 22 tons 19cwt. of roots, the double quantity only produced 2 tons 14cwt. more, which was quite insufficient to pay for the extra cost. Four cwt. of superphosphate added to the 10 tons of farmyard manure increased the crop by 1 ton 13cwt. On another plot, 1cwt. sulphate of ammonia was used as well as the farmyard manure and superphosphate, and this gave a further increase of 2 tons 1cwt. of roots. Then, in the next case, 3cwt. kainit was used as an addition to the foregoing, and the crop obtained was 27 tons 7cwt. On still another plot, however, 1½cwt. nitrate of soda was substituted for the sulphate of ammonia, and a crop of 28 tons 1cwt. resulted. The conclusion arrived at was that superphosphate and nitrate of soda are likely to give the best results, and that the increase from kainit would be insufficient to justify its use. It is recommended that half the nitrate of soda should be sown broadcast after the plants are singled.

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MILK OR BEEF.

There is no doubt that the management of a large herd of milking cows involves constant care and watchfulness and entails no little anxiety. Not only does it often cause trouble as regards finding efficient labour, but the breeding and weeding out of the herd require much thought and patience, and disappointment as to yields of milk are often met with. Then there are always dangers of diseases and premature calvings; but, worse than all, the man who sells milk becomes, as it were, an object of suspicion to the law, and he is liable to annoying restrictions and requirements from which the grazier is happily free. In addition to all this, in these days he is in constant dread of fresh legislation which may add grievously to his burdens, while owners may at any time be called upon to enlarge their buildings at the bidding of some local authority. In the face of all these obstacles, it is no wonder that the recent advance in the price of beef and the high value of store stock should set him thinking how pleasant it would be to be a grazier and free

from all the worries of the milk business. If only beef would remain for some years as dear as it is at this moment, it is certain that numbers of farmers would abandon milk production in favour of the easier life of the grazier. But are there sufficient grounds for confidence of this kind? He would be a bold man who would say so. The fact is that beef, of a kind, is very plentiful and cheap already, notwithstanding the shortage from the United States. It is only fresh-killed beef that sells well even now.

It is reasonable to suppose that the time will come, and perhaps quickly, when live cattle from the Argentine will have to be admitted for slaughter at the ports of landing, in obedience to popular clamour, and when that happens we may say good-bye to the present prices for fresh-killed beef, because every animal so admitted will go into consumption as "home-killed" beef. In any case, beef is an article that can be brought here from any distance, while we still possess a monopoly in new milk, and, so far as can be seen at present, are likely to retain it. The milk business is much the safer of the two, and, though it may not be a bed of roses, it has saved many farmers from ruin in the past. 'Tis better far to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

A. T. M.



F. Babbage.

A BERKSHIRE CHAMPION.



G. H. Parsons.

A PEN OF SOUTHDOWNS.

From Sir J. Colman's flock.

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W. T. H. Harris.

FOR EVER PASSING.

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE WIFE OF A GENIUS.

BY

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.



WHEN her high destiny was revealed to her, Amity accepted it with all the fervour of hero-worshipful

youth. Clarence Kendall at the time of his courtship was already in possession of that kind of agreeable reputation that is less an accomplished fact than a treasure in pawn to the present and redeemable by the future—the reputation of being a coming man. Already there were those who dared to call him a genius.

To every girl the man she first loves is less a lover than the young Love-God himself, and when, in addition, people are calling him a genius, how shall the heart of youth hold out against the triple wooing? Amity married Clarence, and threw herself with vestal zeal into the task of tending the sacred flame, that it might burn clear and fine, to light the world. In this she succeeded. Behind the screen that she made of her body and soul the flame burned with ever-increasing brilliance; watching its effect on the world, she was unaware that both she and Clarence were scorched by it. At first she was seldom without one of her sisters; but these visits, when it came to be tacitly understood (chiefly by means of Clarence's eloquent smile) that they were less an additional screen than a draught to the flame, ceased—not without relief on both sides.

"Everything in the house," declared Hope, after her last visit, "seems to be tied to one of Clarence's nerves. I was, I know."

Mildred nodded, struck by the comparison. "Yes, that's it, exactly. Whenever you play the piano or keep a meal waiting or get up too early or come in too late you can feel him wince."

"Yes; and then he has 'a bad day.'" Hope's eyes twinkled. "Just like old Mrs. Hall with her asthma," she added, flippantly. "And then you're made to feel a brute. Amity, bless her, is simply wrapped up in him."

"Yes," Mildred was thoughtful. "Though *she's* tied to a nerve, too, you know, only she seems to like it, and never moves, so to speak."

"She wouldn't," declared Hope, solemnly, "sneeze unless Clarence were out of the house," and the comment, for all its exaggeration, was of the essence of truth.

Clarence Kendall, the husband, made few demands upon Amity; Clarence Kendall, the genius, absorbed her every waking moment. Her life was a series of breathless moves in a sort of game that had for its goal Clarence's "good day." If, when she was drinking her solitary coffee after dinner, he came in and suggested music or a stroll in the tiny London garden, she had succeeded; if midnight found him still at work, her conscience smote her with the knowledge that at some moment of the day she had failed, and he was working late to make up for it. That was his most powerful weapon—he never said anything about her failures. His smile became a shade more detached, his patience an iota more marked, that was all. She could not even have said how she came to be playing this intricate game of good and bad days. He had never exacted it; the necessity for it had somehow exuded from the walls and furniture, the meals and the servants—all those intimate accessories that had been his before they were hers, and that knew his "ways." And when the last day came there was little to distinguish it from all the others that had made up the five years of her married life; only afterwards its details stood out because it had been the last.

Clarence looked round with a smile when she went in. "Dinner?" he asked. "Right! You've just given me time to finish the second act, Amity."

"Oh, I'm so glad. The cab's ordered for half-past, Clarence, so I didn't dare to give you any longer. But everything's quite ready. I packed a copy of 'Famine' and one of 'Songs of To-morrow.' You may want something to give to *him*."

"Yes, yes; thanks." He was paying a visit to a distinguished French poet, an invitation from whom was in itself considered to affix a halo to the head of its recipient; his unconcerned way of accepting such things was to Amity proof positive of his greatness. "I'll be home on Thursday," his last words were, and Amity heard the cab drive away with the feeling of restless leisure that his rare absences entailed. But long before Thursday she knew he was not coming back. It was Death who drove the engine of the boat train that night: morning brought the news that the collision which had killed Clarence's body had been followed by the fire that had consumed it; the bright, rare light had been put out with as little compunction as half a hundred flickering candles that had dwelt in the bodies of Browns and Robinsons.

When at last Amity was well enough to be helped by Hope into the black clothes that had been waiting so long, she felt that her new, shameful secret was the safer for them. Not surely through this opaque, all-enveloping blackness were the colours of spring, that already decked her resisting soul, to be descried. Her relief found vent in a sigh, and Hope was quick to read the obvious meaning into it.

"Poor Amity! Black does make the worst of you. But when you're stronger you'll have more colour."

"Oh, as if one minded *that*!" Amity said, quickly, and then flushed for the truth that was yet, by inference, so wholly a lie.

Hope nodded, her eyes soft with pity. "It's not that I don't know, dear, how much you cared. I was only thinking how poor Clarence would have hated to see you in black."

"Yes." Amity was terrified to see in the glass how her expression hardened. Was it possible Hope had not guessed?—had not seen what a horrible searchlight Death was somehow contriving to play on Clarence? In the old days she would simply have known Clarence hated her to wear black; now she knew why—knew it was not because it did not suit her, but because, not suiting her, her unloveliness in it would have jarred on him. Everything now was traceable to the ultimate *ego* in him. "Well, there's no doubt I look awful in it," she added, unemotionally.

"But you don't mind," Hope mused, half awestruck. "It must be frightful to have cared as much as that."

Amity stood mute before the glass. Why did Hope stretch her on this rack of lies?

But Hope was not doing it consciously; the tradition of Amity's devotion was too firmly rooted for her to feel any suspicion.

"Amity," she said, suddenly, with a little nervous tremor, "don't you—don't you sometimes feel he *can't* be dead?"

Amity's eyes grew faintly startled. "No," she said; "oh, no, I never feel that." She hesitated. "But sometimes—Hope, do you—do you really think he was dead *before*—?"

"Yes, yes! I'm sure of it. They'd have been bound to hear him otherwise, dear."

There was no need for Amity's question to be more explicit. Throughout her illness her delirious thoughts had returned again and again to this point—*had* he been dead before the flames reached him?

"I'll never again pray for deliverance from sudden death, Hope. Think if Clarence had been *delivered* from it."

Hope shivered. "He wasn't! Oh, Amity, you mustn't be morbid."

"Morbid!" Amity felt a horrible desire to laugh at the ludicrous unfitness of the word. "Hope, I can't stay here, you know," she said, abruptly.

"No, of course not. Everything must remind you—"

"I shall sell it as it stands."

Hope looked dubious. "Wouldn't letting do? Some day you'll be glad to have a few of his things."

"No, I can't bear it. Everything must go."

Hope glanced at her again with that sort of respectful awe that meant she felt Amity to have reserves of feeling that were out of her own depth. "Well, of course, if you feel like that about it—" she conceded. "Where shall you go, Amity?"

They were on the firm ground of practical discussion, and once more Amity's secret was safe. The agonising impatience to be gone that she could not quite conceal was approved by the intimates of Clarence Kendall's circle as a mark of very proper and distinctly pathetic feeling.

"You see, she was so absolutely bound up in him," was their favourite explanation to those on the outer edge of the circle; and the outer edge, murmuring, "Yes, of course; how very, very sad," went its way feeling a vague resentment towards an affection so exigent that it drove its possessor into the wilderness. Did it not reflect a little unfavourably on those whose grief could be assuaged by less drastic measures?

At last she was free. Her new home in Cornwall had for her all the glamour of a fairy-tale. Her arrival in the little rugged village, the bungalow set just out of reach of the sea's boisterous arms, the two ruddy, smiling Cornish maidens who were to wait on her, and who knew not Clarence—all these were rich with the enchantment of a dream fulfilled. As she ordered breakfast for eight she could have hugged the girl who said, "Yes, 'm," so placidly, and who had no suspicion that Clarence's hour had been nine-thirty.

"And should I bring hot water at seven, ma'am?"

Amity could scarcely trust her voice; she almost feared to touch this strange, new thing called freedom lest it should vanish. In Clarence's house Clarence had ruled—all the more insistently after he was dead.

"Oh, I shan't need waking," she said. "I always wake early, and I—I like a dip in the sea before breakfast."

"Yes, 'm."

This adorable girl! Apparently she hadn't a notion that the morning dip was a wild breaking of fetters, that in order to secure Clarence "a good day" it had been necessary to lie by his side for two hours each morning in broad daylight without moving so that he might not wake. Yet not till this and all the rest of his unconscious tyrannies were broken off by death had she known them by their name.

"A gentleman from London, ma'am, is in the drawing-room." To Amity, returning home in the summer dusk, it seemed suddenly that this was the one thing she had known since the beginning of time, this the thing that had given the rainbow glory to her year—its transitoriness. Clarence had come back. From the first moment she had no doubt. Nevertheless she said, "What name, Daisy?"

The girl was suddenly crestfallen. "I forgot to ask, ma'am," she admitted. She tried eagerly to make up for the omission. "A tall gentleman, ma'am, very thin and dark, with a—a foreign look."

Amity laid her sheaf of wild flowers on the hall table. There was no possibility of doubt. "Very well," she said. "Bring a bowl for these, please." Her plan sprang to her mind, clean-cut and finished, so that she knew she must unconsciously have been prepared for just this moment. Escape: that was what it had come to. If her freedom was not hers by right, then she would steal it. The one intolerable thing was to revert to servitude, to be once more body and soul in thrall to another, even though in that other burned the fine, pure flame.

"Clarence! It's—you?"

He seemed to start from a dream. "I—I ought to have prepared you, but I couldn't wait. I only found out this morning." He was looking at her with the sort of inward look she knew so well, the look that meant the flame had reached and irradiated yet another dark place. Her purpose hardened; even in this supreme moment he had been forgetting her.

She drew his arms about her. "Tell me!" she said. "Oh, Clarence, be quick and tell me!" She was shaken by a sob; the sense of shuddering defilement that her duplicity brought was hard to bear.

"I only forgot my name," he said, in the same absorbed voice.

"But the train," Amity urged, "and the collision? Weren't you there? What happened?" She felt him make an effort and drag himself away from the dream.

"Yes, I was there. I found myself sitting on the railway embankment with a cut head and hands—shot out of the window,

I suppose—and when I saw some people coming along with lanterns I was glad. Then they stopped, and I heard one say, 'Yes, yes; we'll wire. What's your name?' And then I tried to remember what I must say when they asked me that, and I couldn't. I can't describe the sort of panic it put me in, Amity; there seemed something so shameful about it, and I had visions of lunatic asylums, too. Besides, I felt certain I'd remember if I could only get a little time. So I staggered up the bank and into the field at the top and hid on a hayrick. Next morning I washed in a duck-pond, and found I felt pretty ill. I hadn't remembered either."

Amity gave a little murmur of sympathy, and drew up a chair for him. She could not bear his eyes so close to hers.

"You remember I'd taken a good deal of money, Amity—about a hundred pounds, in case I got a chance of any bargains from the Lamprière library?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, I've lived on it all this year."

She made a sound of amazement.

"That first morning I managed to take a train to a town fifty miles away and get to a doctor. I told him a tale of a fall downstairs, and said my name was John Matthews. As he didn't deny it, I felt at liberty to faint. When I got well I began secretly hunting for my name. I felt all along that if I could remember that I should remember all the rest."

"You never met anyone who recognised you?"

"Once or twice people turned and stared. But it didn't come to anything. You see, I didn't know how long that hundred had got to last; most of the time there wasn't much difference between me and a tramp. It was a good disguise."

She glanced at his clothes. "Oh, these!" he said. "I bought them this morning out of my last five pounds after I found my name. Then I got your address from Hope."

"But how did you find your name?"

He smiled. "On my posthumous poems at Charing Cross bookstall. You should have seen the face of the clerk when he sold a copy of them to a tramp!"

Amity had no answering smile. "It's very wonderful," she mused. "And then, you say, everything came back to you?"

"Not—not everything." He clasped his fingers round one knee and rocked backwards and forwards—the old trick that meant he was moved or nervous. "Some things came—afterwards." She forbore to question him further. After they had had dinner she ordered him smilingly to bed. "To-morrow," she lied, sick with self-contempt, "we'll talk about going back to town, and everything."

"Yes," he acquiesced, and with a quiver of relief Amity heard his door shut. She went to her own room and sat down. Link by link she examined her plan, and the chain held. Softly she began to make her preparations. From a locked drawer she took a nurse's uniform (relic of past amateur theatricals) and made a parcel of it. That and her bathing dress and the twenty pounds she had in ready money were all she was to take. Then she unfolded her nightdress and disarranged the bed, and sat down to wait; sleep might cheat her of her freedom. She was to start at three, and she would not be missed till at least eight. No one could know she had left the house earlier than usual. In her bathing tent she would change to the nurse's dress, leaving behind her her own clothes and towels. When search came to be made, the presence of these, together with the absence of her bathing dress, would tell their obvious tale. Meanwhile she would have walked the five miles that separated her from the adjoining bay, and lie hidden in one of its many caves till broad daylight. Then she would catch the 8.13 to London. The place contained a convalescent home for nurses, and a stranger in uniform would pass unnoticed. Beyond London she did not look.

Slowly the hours passed. When the sky showed the first dim greyness that was less light than a promise of light, she opened her door and crept downstairs. The path stretched white and ghostly to the garden gate, and at the gate—her heart leaped and stood still—was Clarence. For a moment, motionless, they faced each other. Amity's eyes held the hunted look of a trapped creature. Then she remembered that, after all, his being there made no difference. She had wanted to save him the supreme wound to his self-esteem, but if he would not have it so, she would wound—and go. She walked slowly down the path, and then Clarence did a curious thing—he opened the gate. Amity stood still. The bars of wood that had stood between her and freedom were suddenly replaced by some spiritual barrier infinitely harder to pass; she could not go without learning its name.

"Why are you here?" she asked, below her breath.

"It hurt," he answered, in a shaken way that made a stranger of him. "I couldn't bear you to think you must do it this way, when I—when I so want to make it easy for you."

"Do what?" she asked, slowly.

"Leave me."

She drew a shuddering breath. "You knew? All the time?" "Oh, you didn't do anything but what was generous and kind, Amity! You tried to spare me, but—somehow I couldn't let you go without telling you I understood. I meant to tell you to-day, but when you said good-night I knew there wouldn't be a to-day; I knew you were going at once."

She looked at him wonderingly. It was not new to her—the fact that he had these delicate, spiritual antennæ; what was new was that he should use them on her.

"You are ready—to help me to go?" she asked.

"If you will let me."

"But then"—from Clarence such an admission could mean only one thing—"you really don't want me?"

To her surprise he flushed. "I was really," he said, slowly, "though I know there's no precedent—thinking of you."

It hurt her to have hurt him so unwittingly. She made a little gesture of compunction. "Oh, I didn't mean that!"

He leaned on the open gate. "Amity, yesterday I waited in your drawing-room two hours. They were the most unpleasant hours of my life. Do you remember I told you everything didn't come back to me with my name?—some things came afterwards." She nodded.

"They were the things I saw in those two hours."

"What things, Clarence?" A joy that was as fierce as pain was knocking at her heart, and she dared not let it in.

"It began with your book," he said, slowly, "that I found open on a chair. One sentence caught my eye as though you had marked it. It said, 'In theory marriage is a blending of souls, a confluence of interests, a merging of two into one; in practice it too frequently resolves itself into the woman being swallowed whole, like Jonah by the whale.' Amity, it was like a flash of light on everything. It explained why you had made your home and your whole life as different as possible from what it had been with me. Before that I put it down to your having cared so much! Think of it!" He smiled, ironically. "But that sentence showed me everything, including myself. Now, do you see why I want to help you to go? It is because I have seen myself and know why you can't stay."

Across the pearl grey sky ran little rosy streams that hurried to meet each other, like troops lining the road for the coming of a king. To Amity it seemed that the joy knocking at her heart was just such another rosy, tender, twining thing; she let it in. "You've—changed," she said, and watched the rosy streams melt and merge into a great royal oriflamme.

"I hope to change." His lips were grim. "I wasn't a pleasant sight." She half raised her hands as though to shield him from the bitterness of his own soul. Then she dropped them quickly; her parcel was still in one of them. His eyes fixed themselves on it.

"Will you give up going this way?" he asked. "Will you wait just a day or two till we can think of some way more—more easy for you?"

Her breath caught. What had that vision been to change him so? To what torments had the flame that was wont to light others subjected him when it shone on his own soul? The thing he did not dream of was suddenly the only thing she could do—just because he did not dream it. She laid the parcel down and pointed to the gate. "Please shut it," she said, unsteadily, and their eyes met. What he read in hers held him motionless.

"Don't you understand?" she asked, softly. "You've found the way already. You've made it all different, and I don't—want—to go." Her voice broke on a sob, and from the heart of the great oriflamme burst the sun. In the sudden blaze her face showed pale and quivering.

He held out his hand uncertainly, and hers leaped to meet it. "Don't—don't look like that!" she whispered. "Clarence, may I stay?"

He stood very still. "You will let me—try again? Amity, you are the very soul of generosity."

"It isn't generosity." She smiled into his eyes. "It's a much shorter word."

There was a moment's pause. Then he raised her hand to his lips, and it was as though he took an oath. "I wouldn't dare to let you risk it," he said, simply, "only I know—after yesterday I really do know—that you will be safe. Amity, can you believe that I—understand?"

Her eyes were bright with the sting of tears. For her, too, at last the flame was to hold warmth and light. She knew it, after all, for a genuine spark struck from the celestial forge; what Clarence saw by it he had always seen with master vision, and now he had seen his soul and hers.

"Yes," she whispered; "you understand."

They stood for an instant silent in the splendour of their dawn. It was Amity who first, as it were, dared to draw it down to the level of earth and use it as a plaything.

She slipped her arm through his. "Jonah," she said, with a little quivering laugh, "requests the pleasure of the whale's company to breakfast in the garden."

THE SPIRIT OF THE BOG.

ON either side of the long, straight road stretches the dark brown bog; the freshly-cut turf piled here and there in inky-hued stacks, little pools of water reflecting the blue of the sky overhead, a glory of golden gorse reaching away in the distance, to where the peaks of the purple mountains are hidden in a bank of drifting cloud. Presently the road begins to ascend, winding round and round the rock-strewn heights, past an occasional whitewashed cabin and humpy bridges over rushing, tumbling torrents, till, at the top of the steep pass, it emerges on the shores of the lonely lake, above which Carrantuohill, veiled in wondrous blue and brown, with violet shadows resting on her



CARRYING THE TURF.

sloping sides, rises sheer and straight over three thousand feet into the sky. At the far end of Lake Acoose the road descends again, and passing round plantations of Scotch fir cuts once more into the heart of the boggy waste of Glencar, where, according to the old poet,

Corn never enjoys autumn sun,
Bare and rugged high mountains from that to the West,
These are the parts St. Patrick never blessed

In justice, however, to the Saint, it must be admitted that, although he is said never to have visited this particular part of Ireland, his blessing of the Men of Munster was fairly comprehensive, and was no doubt intended to include the uttermost parts of Kerry, containing as it did

A blessing on the land that gave them food,
A blessing on all treasures
Produced upon the plains.
A blessing upon Munster,
A blessing on their woods
And on their sloping plains
A blessing on their glens,
A blessing on their hills;
As the sand of the sea under ships,
So numerous be their homesteads.
In slopes, in plains,
In mountains and peaks
A blessing.

As a matter of fact, however, the spirit that broods over the bogs of Kerry is essentially pagan, and as different to the spirit which hovers in gentle and mysterious loneliness over the soft blue mountains as the sad, brown world of reality is different to the Land of Promise we see stretching away in the distance beyond our reach. Brown bog and blue hili—where, indeed, can be found a truer symbol of life, with its lonely wastes and its oozy depths, into which we sink in our struggle to reach the sunlit peaks, rising ever above us into the clouds? Pagan, however, as this spirit of the bog undoubtedly is, it has yet penetrated, all unconsciously, into the soul of the most religious people in the world. For in the hearts of those living in this land of illimitable bog, as in the hearts of those living by the sea, dwells the relentless spirit which we find in Greek tragedy—the spirit of remorseless Fate against which it is as useless to struggle as against the storms of wind and rain which, sweeping up from the Atlantic, shriek and whistle in impotent rage over the desolation they are unable to destroy. Yet with this fatalism—perhaps, indeed, because of it—is engendered a great strength, the strength of endurance, which makes light of labour and hunger and cold and scrow, and is not cast down by difficulty nor broken by defeat. For in the pervasive atmosphere of the bog, with its defiant barrenness and its self-sufficing loneliness, all the commonplace desires of life, all the smallnesses of human ambitions, imperceptibly fade away. The very questions which seem of so much moment in the toil and stir of life, namely, what we are and why we are and where exactly in the scheme of universe we are, no longer perplex and worry us. It is enough that we are, that we can see the flaming gold of the gorse, or the crimson purple of the loosestrife, that we can feel the fresh, fragrant air blowing in our faces, and smell the pungent odour of the black turf sods. For the moment Time and Space are not existent and all the problems of life seem solved by the old turf-cutter in his reply to an enquiry about the road, "Straight on," and again when asked if there was no turn whatsoever, "Straight on and the road will turn with you." An Irish answer, but like most Irish answers expressive, and in this case expressive of more than the road to Kenmare. For

in life is not always the road that "turns with us" the road that we follow? To everyone it is not given to feel the spirit of the bog, to hear the soundless music of the waste; but to those to whom it has once told its secret life may appear unintelligible, bewildering, at times even meaningless, but it can never again appear wholly without beauty. Restless in towns and oppressed with the loneliness of crowds, these are the people who never know complete contentment on earth. Great happiness, it is true, is sometimes theirs, but more often greater sorrow and an intensity of feeling which hungers for joy, but is forced by the irony of circumstances to find salvation in tears. Yet are they not without compensation, for to them the spirit of the bog has spoken, and if in the immeasurable blackness of its pools they see again the waters of affliction through which they have passed, on the other hand in its silence and isolation they have found courage to look life in the face—to see things as they are and not as they would wish them to be.

EDITH GORDON.

THE BULLFINCH.

DURING the early part of May I had a strong conviction that among a stretch of broom bordering a plantation some bullfinches were nesting; and by chance one afternoon, after a long walk, I happened to be passing the spot on the homeward journey, and although lacking much energy, I halted to see if I could confirm



FOND PARENTS.

my convictions. After thrusting my arms and head well into many of the thickest clumps, the broom was compelled to give up its secret and reveal the hen bullfinch at home. Leaving her undisturbed, and being desirous to prevent interference by the many predatory urchins of the district, I carefully erased all trace of my footsteps, and, further to guard the nest from human hands, I arranged the prickly trailing brambles that grew near in the form of a barbed-wire entanglement, which had to be removed before that particular portion of broom could be peered into. Three visits were necessary to obtain a series of photographs. On the first and second days my prospects were doomed shortly after commencement by a continuous brilliant sun, which naturally improved the light but, nevertheless, produced that network of shadows so common when working amid such surroundings, and I was compelled to give up. To obliterate the trouble would have meant the removal of all the natural cover and subject the young to the fierce sun, a distinctly thoughtless and unsportsmanlike action. Acting on the maxim that all comes to him who waits, I waited. On the third visit better conditions prevailed, and by temporarily fastening back the worst obstructions to the light I got a moderate light on the nest, although the broom was now in flower and a blaze of yellow which could only have a detrimental



FEEDING THE CHICKS.

effect upon the photographic light. However, it appeared so good at one time that I was tempted to try a rapid exposure. With slide drawn and everything ready I awaited the coming of the bullfinches. A few quickly-repeated soft but very pleasant notes signalled their arrival. The cock made his way at once to the nest, the hen taking things more leisurely; however, with the cock feeding the young and the hen just flitting to the nest, I accidentally let go the shutter, obtaining the photograph with the birds as described and with one of the young pleading for food. Had I been careful and prevented the exposure I should have been able to obtain a pretty picture showing the parent hen bird receiving a dainty from her consort at the nest. With the exception of one other exposure, the others were made as quickly as possible with the bulb. It is impossible to see what constitutes the food of the young, all the food being regurgitated by the old birds at the time of feeding, and in no mean quantity, the nestlings being well fed at each visit. There seems to be an essence of true mutual devotion in the fact that, out of twenty-three visits to the nest made by the birds in approximately twelve hours, they came together eighteen times, while on a previous occasion, during a period from 9.35 a.m. to 4.45 p.m., they came together to the nest every time, the average interval between the visits being thirty-five minutes. From the photographs one is unable to conceive the enchanting picture these pretty birds made when at the nest. The male, with his striking plumage, contrasted



THE COCK VISITS THE NEST.

grandly with the dark green broom. I doubted at the time whether he did not look even better there than when feeding on some swaying wayside plant in winter with a layer of crisp snow to throw up his magnificence.

At the conclusion of my photographic operations I again made the nest as secure as possible against all comers, and the last glimpse of the bullfinches was caught as they flew in close company over an adjoining larch fir plantation whither they had gone in search of food.

JAMES H. SYMONDS.



THE BULLFINCH AT HOME.

IN THE GARDEN.

A FORMAL WATER GARDEN.

TO the formal gardeners of old, water was a most necessary element in design, and the canal was always an adjunct to low-lying gardens. Hilltops were not then fashionable as house sites and, therefore, the canal was practicable in a great number of cases. Now, the number of feet above sea-level is a leading question to the house-builder or house-hunter, and a cement tank, fed by a water company and treated as a Lily pool, is often the largest piece of water that can be

incorporated in the garden scheme. Some of us, however, are well content to live on moderate elevations that slope down to some natural water supply, and we are thus able to bring this feature within our garden limits and give it either a formal or a natural aspect, according to our own bent of mind or to the characteristics of the site. The natural water garden will shortly form a theme, but it is to a more or less formal lay-out that we will now turn our attention. It is part of the grounds



Copyright. *PATH AND BORDER ON THE WEST BANK OF THE CANAL.* "C.L."

of a house lying on the edge of a lowland plateau, from which the ground slopes easily to the south but rapidly to the west. To the west lay some years ago a wedge-like end of a field of which the slope was an orchard of ancient Apple and Pear trees, while in the bottom lay three ponds fringed with Pollard Willows. The northern boundary was a public way lined by tall Elms. To the west a hedge, standing on a high bank above a ditch, formed the boundary. To the south the piece of ground joined the larger part of the meadow,

while the house with its lawns and terraces stood to the east on the top of the slope.

The three ponds were rectangles about forty feet wide and of much greater, though in each case different, length. Springs welled up into the top or northern pond and fed those that succeeded through a connecting ditch. They were not linable, and had banks so steep that there was no standing or gardening possible on the water's edge. All this was rather dull, and some



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THE TIME OF DAFFODILS AND PRIMROSES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

change was necessary when they were fenced off from the field and made part of the grounds. The upper and the lower ponds were left unaltered and work was concentrated on the space, some eighty yards long, that lay between them and was occupied by the middle pond and the connecting ditches. The eastern bank of this pond, overhung by Pollard Willows, was left, but the greater part of its width was filled in, leaving a canal twelve feet across, which was continued up to the upper pond in the place of the ditch. It is this canal which forms the leading feature in the illustrations. The portion of the pond filled in was only raised a few inches above water-level, and the steep bank was made into a gradual slope up to the boundary hedge. The reclaimed ground was formed into a border next the water and a narrow paved way between it and a ten-foot-wide grass path. The slope was made into a border twenty feet wide, above which ran another grass way. Bridges were thrown across the water at its north end and at its centre. At the south end a pipe was laid to carry the stream of water into the lower pond. The ditch was then filled in so as to allow of a sweep of grass between the canal and pond.

The environment of the upper and lower ponds was very little altered. The upper one remains surrounded by its trees, and Daffodils and other bulbs grow in the lush grass, which is not cut till July. The lower pond stretches south beyond the



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GRASS WALK ON THE EAST BANK OF THE CANAL.

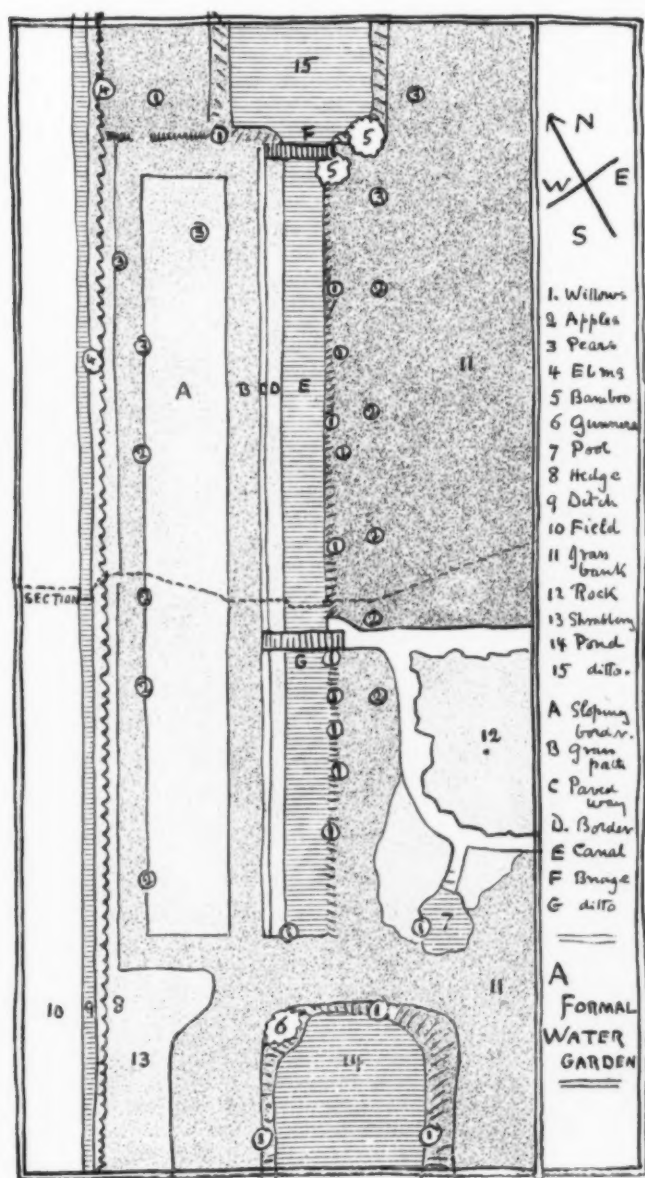
"C.L."

garden into the field, so as to form a drinking-place for the cattle, but along its sides lie lawns, narrow to the west and bounded by a shrubbery, but towards the east rising up the main slope and reaching the bowling greens, terraces and other features surrounding the house. The banks of the pond are left steep and are studded with Primroses of many a kind and colour. Such is also the character of the east bank of the canal, out of which rise the Pollard Willows that hang over the water as shown in the illustrations. A mown grass way runs on the top of the bank, and forms the boundary of the great Daffodil colonies that occupy the orchard. It is only along the strip of ground lying west of the canal that much gardening takes place. On either side of the low-lying grass way, the ground, being little raised above the water and largely formed of pond mud, is marshy and water plants are thoroughly at home. Japanese Primroses require no further attention than the removal of the myriad of seedlings that spring up every year. The whole race of Astilbes thoroughly enjoys this site. It is a family to which the hybridist has paid much attention of late. Many of the Astilbes raised by M. Lemoine, such as *Gerbe de Neige*, *Nuée rose* and *Plumet neigeux*, are included here, while *Spiraea japonica* is not only represented by its type, but by the newer pink-toned varieties named *Peach Blossom* and *Queen Alexandra*. There is much diversity of height, culminating in the stout-stemmed *Spiraea gigantea*, which raises its great white panicles ten feet in the air, a height rather greater than that attained by its variety *elegantissima*, with flowers of pale rosy hue.

The giant *Mimulus* and the scarlet *Lobelia* are largely used. As they are apt to disappear in the winter, a new supply is kept ready to fill the gaps. *Iris Kämpferi*, unfortunately, is not very fond of this soil and situation; but all the Siberian varieties thrive amazingly, while on the edge of the water the common *Flag* is allowed a place, as it helps to keep up the bank. One of the illustrations shows a great cut-leaved *Rhubarb*, introduced to give a vertical line in early summer until the taller *Astilbes* and the scarlet *Lobelias* rise to their full height. The *Trollius* or *Globe-flowers*, the *Funkias* or *Plantain Lilies*, are among the plants that occupy the lower part of the broad, sloping border. Its centre is sparsely set with shrubs, such as *Spiræas* and *Viburnums*, *Hydrangea paniculata* and *Azalea pontica*. The last-named does quite well, though this is no soil to suit the more particular *Azaleas* and *Rhododendrons*, and no attempt is made to nurture them against their will.

The whole of the back of the sloping border is set with *Michaelmas Daisies* of many kinds and divers colours, thus rendering the upper path, which is the boundary of the ground and, therefore, no necessary or daily way, a place of pleasant pilgrimage in the fall of the year. Thus from Primrose-time to late autumn there is always something to attract in this water garden. In the early summer it is open and sunny, as one would wish when the air is cool; but in the dog-days *Elms* and *Willows*, *Apple* and *Pear* trees cast their shade over its grassy glades and give a sombre tone to the water in a very grateful manner. It is a simple garden, of little cost in the making and the keeping; but its broad lines and definite, unconfused features make it, what it was intended to be, a very peaceful retreat during a large part of the year.

H. AVRAY TIPPING





THE word "progress" is nowadays so generally limited to the meaning of increased material wealth that it may be the proper word to use in reference to the disappearance in Staffordshire of almost every one of the fine timber-framed houses that were once the glory of its country-side. It has long been a wealthy county, and its gentry hastened to "improve" their habitations. The history of Wolseley Hall, which appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* last February, is a case in point. The timber-framed quadrangular house, Palladianised in some measure under Charles II., was there when Celia Fiennes wrote her diary, and must have remained until Wyatt replaced it early in the nineteenth century by an imitative Gothic structure which he made to look as much like a villa as was possible for a large country house on an ancestral site. What happened to Wolseley happened in dozens of places in Staffordshire. Even Ingestre, though timber-framed, is but a modern copy erected after a disastrous fire. But every rule has its exceptions, and one of them we find at Broughton. Here the seventeenth century timber-work remains, and it only needs the removal of a later rough-casting to exhibit the elaborate quatrefoil panelling of its oaken structure.

This survival may in some measure be connected with the position of Broughton. It is away from the industrial regions of its county and close to the borders of Shropshire and Cheshire, where we still find a considerable survival of the ancient fashion of building, and where Little Moreton Hall stands as a pre-eminent

example of the local use of oak. There were Broughtons of Broughton as early as the time of Henry VI., but they seem to have migrated from the neighbouring county and to have been a junior branch of the Cheshire Vernons. There is little to chronicle of the generations of them who lived and died in this neighbourhood from the time of their settling there to the moment when Thomas Broughton set his initials and the date 1637 upon the south front of the house he had just erected. Half a century later Dr. Plot, the Oxford professor of chemistry who so often accompanies us when we visit Staffordshire seats, included an engraving of this house in his "Natural History" of the county. It is here reproduced in company with a picture of its present appearance taken from almost the same point. But whether the comparison will fill our readers with enthusiasm for the "progress" which has been made is very doubtful. The old house seems to have been approached over a bridge, and was, therefore, probably moated, although a clipped hedge prevents the water showing in the picture. Tall gateposts surmounted with balls mark the entry into the forecourt, and to the right were office buildings built of stone, which is still the material of the older part of the north side of the house. Its south side was a delightful specimen of the carpenter craftsman's art. The timber-work was set on a plinth of local sandstone, and massive posts, carved into columns topped by brackets sculptured with royal emblems, such as the rose and the fleur-de-lys, supported the great beam of the overhanging first floor. The



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FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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SEVENTEENTH CENTURY OAKWORK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE HALL IN CHARLES II'S TIME.

second floor had a further projection resting on a set of corbels representing lions and other beasts. Mullioned windows, transomed and many lighted, amply lit every room, and between them panels variously framed in oak and filled in with plaster patterned the whole surface. The space between the end gables was brought forward with a flat roof, along which a fine oak balustrade formed a parapet. Round chimney-shafts of stone rose in clusters from the massive chimney-breasts and gave a charming skyline to the composition.

All this is written in the past tense, but it is there to-day as far as the main building is concerned. Unfortunately, the moat, the gateposts, the hedges, the office buildings are swept away, and the dulllest of dull carriage sweeps, bounded by the meanest of mean iron fences, depraves the whole aspect of the place and shows that taste and progress, beauty and wealth, are by no means synonymous terms. If, however, the rough-casting were removed, no doubt the whole of the old work would be found in good condition beneath it. There has been in several parts of England some beginning to this work of giving back to old timber-fronted houses their true value and appearance. The town of Tewkesbury has done it in more than one instance. At Sandwich a very simple example has been well treated, and makes one wish to see its numerous and more distinguished neighbours favoured by the same good fortune. It were delightful indeed if Broughton was put back in the likeness of its neighbour Little Moreton. It is a curious

comment on the chaos of taste in recent times that, whereas the old south front, which is genuine timber-work, has had its real and honest face obscured by a coating of plaster, the newer building to the north has had its bricks disguised by whitewash and black lines of paint in order that it might masquerade as a specimen of wood framing. Happily, there is now some feeling arising in favour of honesty in architecture, and the day may come when what is brick will be allowed to look like brick and what is oak-framed will be allowed to show its structural substance.

It was on the great post to the right of his entrance door that Thomas Broughton

put his initials and below the window which surmounts it that he set the date of his work. The door-frame itself is a most pleasing composition. Pilasters support an entablature with three strapwork cartouches ornamenting its frieze. Above this are three pilasters flanking the two glazed panels which light the entry. The door is composed of a massive frame forming thirty-five small panels, on the outer side of which five planks are fixed with large-headed nails. Simple local ironwork of the period forms the hinges and latch. Passing through the entry we find the arrangement usual under the first Stewarts. The large hall is lit on both sides, but is only of one storey height, for the great parlour occupies the space above it. The main staircase descends into a corner of the hall. Its balusters are not turned as we have lately seen them at Astonbury and at Chelvey, but squared in the manner of Jacobean pilasters. Such were usual in greater houses, but were generally carved as at Charlton and Blickling. The simpler treatment at Broughton has a counterpart at Park Hall in Shropshire, but there the handrail is set on the capital of the baluster, whereas at Broughton a very individual treatment has been introduced in the shape of an arched and perforated board. The handrail rises up to a roll moulding in the fashion that had come down from the Gothic age. The newel-posts are of the same period, but are surmounted with ornaments that belong to a time later than that of the building. It is a question whether Thomas Broughton was ever able to give the



THE SOUTH FRONT.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE OLD AND NEW BUILDINGS TO THE NORTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

finishing touches to his house. Three years after he had carved the date on its front the armed quarrel broke out between King and Parliament, and Thomas Broughton took the losing side. Staffordshire fell rather early into the hands of the Parliamentarians, though the fortunes of war remained for some time undecided on the other side of the county boundary. Whether Thomas Broughton was fighting under Lord Byron and other Royalist leaders in Cheshire and in Shropshire seems uncertain; but his Welsh cousins, Sir Edward Broughton and his sons, were taken prisoners when the Parliamentarians triumphed at Nantwich in 1643, and the owner of Broughton was so far involved on the Royalists' side that his estates were sequestered and he only regained possession on paying a composition of three thousand five hundred pounds. Soon after that he died, and was succeeded by his son Bryan. That this branch of the family had shown some devotion to the Stewart cause but had not been ruined by their loyalty is shown by the career of Bryan Broughton after the Restoration, for he received a baronetcy in 1661 and had means to repair, improve and occupy the house he had inherited from his father. He it is that must have added the vases and fruit that stand on the newels of the older staircase, for they have the character which we find often used in Charles II. houses, accompanied by pierced panel balustrading and flat-topped handrails. The newel ornaments at Dunster Castle are almost identical with those at Broughton, while at Tyttenhanger and Sudbury the fruit lies in baskets. England, no doubt, produced most of these finials, but tradition brings those at Broughton from the Low Countries. There is nothing improbable in this. Holland especially, but also Flanders, were flourishing while England was in the throes of her internecine struggle. Many an English exile was in those countries while Cromwell ruled, and the decorative arts, as they were expressed under Charles II. in England, largely drew their inspiration from the Low Countries, where we find many of the same forms at a rather earlier date. Examples of these were

imported by men who had sojourned there, among whom Bryan Broughton may perhaps be classed, for if not his newel finials, at least many of the stained-glass panels in the hall window, originated from that quarter, the date 1651 appearing on one of them. Sir Bryan likewise dealt with the principal room to which the staircase led. The great parlour or drawing-room has its walls wainscoted with the large panels fashionable in his time, and it is specially stated that it was made of oak felled on the estate. No doubt in country places local oak was still used for wainscoting as well as for structural work. Although English oak is at a discount for such purposes now, it was then thoroughly fit for this purpose, both because the joiners of the time understood its treatment and gave it ample time for seasoning, and also because the great quantity of oak that was being felled allowed careful selection of the best wood for this purpose. We find these great panels in the remote country houses of gentlemen of modest position,



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A BAY WINDOW IN THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

who must certainly have used their own timber, yet they have very seldom started, and though composed of two or three planks joined together, it often needs keen eyes to detect the junction. But though such gentlemen would certainly have the oak from their own estates, the more advanced town worker had learned that the straighter-grained wood from the Baltic gave less trouble, and thus we constantly find in the surviving accounts of buildings erected in London and its

professor's scientific interest and which he describes as follows : " I saw, and measured a *Bore* at the right Worshipfull Sr Brian Broughton's of Broughton Baronet (whose beautifull Seat is here annexed *Tab 21*) 4 foot and one inch, *i.e.* 'twixt 12 & 13 hands high, the *bristles* prest down on his back ; from the tip of the *nose* to the setting on of the *tail*, 7 foot 2 inches ; and the *tail* itself 15 inches long : a *Stature* not much short, if not fully equalling the great Hogg of *upper Tadmerton* in the *County of Oxon.*"



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THE MAIN STAIRCASE.

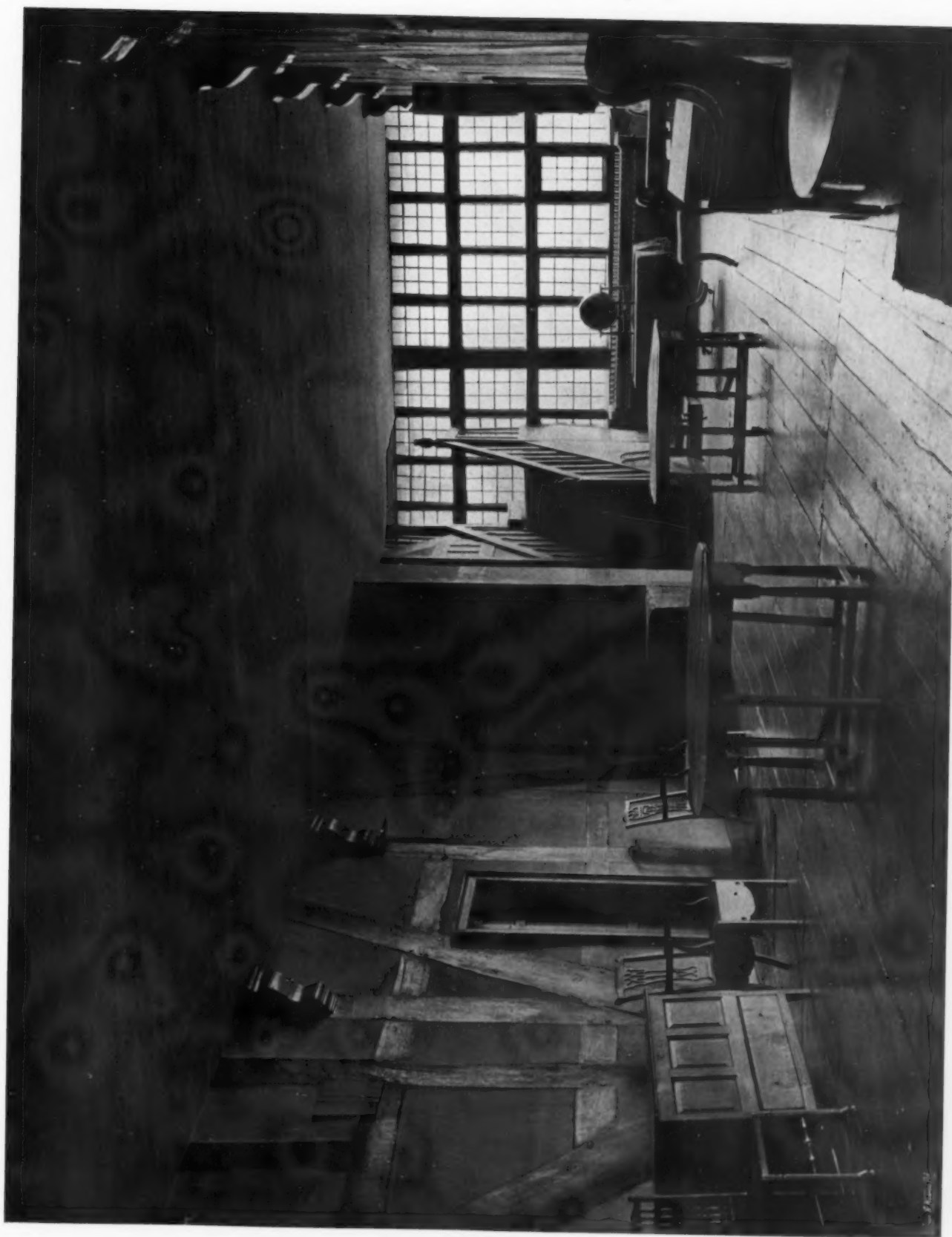
"COUNTRY LIFE,"

neighbourhood at this period mention made of Dantsig or Norway wainscot.

Sir Bryan lived till 1708, and it was, therefore, in his time that Dr. Plot visited Broughton. It seems, however, to have been the son of the house who entertained him, since the engraving in his book is dedicated to the "learned and ingenious Gent. Thomas Broughton son and heir to Sir Bryan Broughton." No doubt it was this Thomas who managed the farming operations on the estate and possessed the animal which aroused the

Thomas did not live long to enjoy his inheritance, for he died in 1710, and was succeeded by his son, whose marriage with a local heiress eventually gave the family a new estate and a new name.

A little north of Broughton is the country whence came the Black Prince's gallant leader, Sir James Audley, who with his four squires held the post of danger at Poitiers. His squires were his neighbours, and one of them, Sir John Delves, had already bought the Cheshire manor of Doddington with the spoils of



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THE LONG GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

war. Poitiers enriched him further, for the ransoming of the French King and his men was profitable to all the English who had been engaged in the fight, and a few years after the battle Sir John Delves obtained a licence to embattle his new home. Neither of his work nor of the Elizabethan mansion which came to the Broughtons through the Delves heiress is anything left. But a great fifteenth century tower still stands, and up to its first floor is a fine stone stairway of the days of Elizabeth or James, whereon are carved four statues representing Sir James Audley's squires habited in the garb which the craftsman who wrought them saw armed gentlemen wear in his own day. The Delveses had always taken a more active share in public matters than their neighbours the Broughtons, and as they gained under Edward III., so they lost under Edward IV. Among the Lancastrians who took refuge in the Abbey after the battle of Tewkesbury were Audleys and Delveses. "Thes be men that were heveded" are the words written above the list of those who fell victims to Edward's revenge as soon as they stepped out of sanctuary, and, together with two Audleys, we find the name of "Sir John Delvys." Two centuries later, while Thomas Broughton was incurring the displeasure of Parliament, Doddington was owned by Sir Thomas Delves, who seems to have sided against the King, so that his house would suffer severely while it was occupied by a Royalist party and before they surrendered to a detachment of Nantwich forces that came up against them and treated them to "some Shott with theire greate ordnance." But the old Hall, into which the surviving Gothic tower was incorporated, was still the seat of the family when, four years after Sir Thomas Broughton's death, his son, the third baronet, married the daughter of the last of the Delveses. Young Sir

preference for Doddington may have saved Broughton, which for long has been treated to nothing more serious than repairs. It is, therefore, still full of the seventeenth century flavour and well deserves a visit from those who take pleasure from such surroundings. This may be done with leisure and without trespass, since the present tenants receive guests. The hall



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THE CEILING OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

has much of its original fittings and furniture, such as its carved oak mantel-piece and its shuffle-board table. But perhaps the most picturesque room is still the long gallery. This—like that at Little Moreton Hall, at Hever, at Astonbury and many another old house—was contrived on the top floor, but at Broughton was a lofty room occupying more than the roof space. That has proved to its detriment, since, to gain attic room, a floor has been inserted that cuts off the open roof, which must have given it dignity. With that exception it is little changed. Its old oak-board floor shines with light which falls on it from the great ten-light and double-transomed window that stretches across its western end. The little attic staircase may break its lines, but adds something to the homeliness of the composition, for there is nothing stately about this apartment with its timber-framed walls and simple bits of old furniture.

Broughton Hall is delightful, although, as has been hinted, a little judicious renovation would enhance its charm and bring it back still more nearly to its ancient self without the introduction of new and imitative work. But even this is not needed at Broughton Church. It is a gem, a standing example of the virtues of non-restoration. It stands south of the Hall across the road, and has some fifteenth century work about it. But Thomas Broughton largely rebuilt it, finishing his work upon it three years before he dated his house. But he did not put in the present fittings, since all



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BROUGHTON CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Bryan, however, did not survive his father-in-law, and, therefore, never owned the Cheshire estate. That accession of acres came to his son, who in 1727 became Sir Bryan Broughton-Delves. His descendants have dropped the latter half of the surname, but have adopted Doddington as their home, a classic house having been built for them by one of the Wyatts. This

the woodwork—pulpit, pews, gallery and what not—resembles, not his work at the house, but that of his son. It is decidedly of post-Restoration style, and must grievously offend our self-satisfied school of architects and clerics who see special sanctity in an imitative Gothic style. They are still strong enough to continue, here and there, their course of wreckage; but the tide of

opinion is beginning to turn against them, and a simple, modest, yet admirable bit of Palladian church-work like Broughton ought now to be safe. There is nothing grand about it. It is the humble, almost rustic, place of worship of a country squire and his dependants. But it is entirely and completely what it sets out to be, and is, therefore, a work of art. A satisfying feeling of restful calm comes over us as we pass through its porch and see its pearl white walls and grey-brown oak. An occasional sculptured monument to one of the Broughtons

or of their relations gives the right touch of detail and ornament, while colour is afforded by several windows of old glass. Some of this must have come from Doddington, for it seems to be the figure of the Sir John Delves who was "heved" after Tewkesbury that kneels with his wife in one of the chancel windows. There is no village at Broughton. Hall and church look at each other across green fields studded with mighty trees and whisper to each other many a tale of the past. T.

CORNISH CHURCHES.

WE must suppose that Mr. Edmund H. Sedding has given to his descriptive catalogue of Cornish churches the title of "Norman Architecture in Cornwall" on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, for the remains of Norman church work in the county are very meagre. St. Germans has a good west front of the period. Morwenstow has a chancel, a portion of nave arcading and a south doorway. Another south doorway of some importance is at Kilhampton. But for the rest, Mr. Sedding's remark on the first church he describes, that of St. Advent, is typical, "I was unable to discover any evidence of Norman building except the font." Even that adjunct is more than he could discover at Lanteglos-by-Fowey, where the font he illustrates in his "Norman" book is of the thirteenth century, while the fabric of the church itself is one hundred years later, for the fourteenth century rebuilding left no stone of the Norman edifice *in situ*. It was, however, until Mr. Sedding restored it three years ago, one of the most interesting of the churches of Cornwall. The whole history of the parish and of its denizens from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century lay there before the delighted visitor; you could see the generations that had followed one another, each leaving its mark. The thirteenth century font, the fourteenth century windows, the fifteenth century roofs were followed by pews and other woodwork of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Several illustrations of it as it appeared before the hand of the destroyer fell upon it are given. A very fine example of the Cornish cross may be seen by the south porch, which the peculiar angle and position of the dial make one suppose was not set exactly with the points of the compass. The door opened on a scene rare indeed in the England of to-day. The roofs were of a grey tone, that of the south aisle



F. Kitto.

GOTHIC AND PALLADIAN SEATS.

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being beautifully moulded and enriched with carved bosses. The walls were pearly white, the windows filled with old glass full of tone and variety in its texture and setting. In the nave were massive and ancient oak benches, still Gothic in form and decoration, though the influence of the Renaissance showed itself in many of the carved devices. Mixed up with, and indeed occasionally incorporating, these benches were the simple panelled box-pews of the eighteenth century farmers and other superior people who, in their reseating, had followed the earlier example of the leading families of the parish. They had secluded themselves in the seventeenth century with a full sense of their importance. One great pew stood on the divisional gangway that separated nave from chancel, and the other at the east end of the south aisle. Arcaded panels, divided by fluted Ionic pilasters, contained either elaborate heraldic achievements or delicious low-relief carvings of plants in bloom, stiffly and decoratively treated, rising out of vases. The ancient colour scheme was faded and worn and therefore perfectly in keeping with its surroundings. Mr. Sedding tells us of these pews, "The open carved-work heraldic designs on the upper panels are of great interest and value to the county where so much has been destroyed by indifference and mistaken restoration." True words indeed. But why, being filled with such sentiments, was he so "mistaken" as to destroy? Surely no word other than "destruction" is applicable to the tearing down of these historic pews and the setting up of their materials as a dadoing!

The church was decayed, certainly, and in real need of loving repair. But the sweeping away of old glass and old pews, the insertion of new east and west windows, the smartening of the fifteenth century benches, the abolition of whitewash, the laying of a mechanically-made and polished flooring at the east end, and a thousand other



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A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SQUIRE'S PEW.

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deleterious "improvements," have established the deadly rule of the common place in this former paradise of the fancy and the sentiments. M. A.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE GREAT AUK.

THE recent sale of an egg of this bird at a large price reminds one of the great scarcity even of these relics of a sea-fowl which has only become extinct since the year 1844. As far as can be traced, there are now only some seventy or seventy-five eggs of the great auk in existence. Whenever one of these happens to come up for auction, it commands a big price. The average sum paid for a specimen is about two hundred guineas, while the record price of three hundred guineas was given by Mr. Rowland Ward in 1894. Besides these eggs some eighty skins and mounted specimens of this very rare fowl are in existence in various museums and collections. The great auk, like the famous and unfortunate dodo, apparently owed its extinction largely to its own stupidity. It is known not only that in the days of its plenty it would allow itself to be knocked on the head with a club, but would even suffer itself to be driven on board a boat by means of a plank connected with the shore. On Funk Island, off Newfoundland, are, I believe, still to be seen the remains of the "pounds" or enclosures into which the sailors used to drive these birds between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. By the beginning of the last century the great auk had become very scarce in Britain. In 1813 the last pair were slain in the Orkneys, at the island of Papa-Westray. In 1821 or 1822 one was captured alive at St. Kilda, while in 1834 another specimen was secured, also living, in Waterford Harbour. These were the very last of recorded British examples. There seems to be little doubt, however, that so late as 1840 a great auk was captured alive on the islet of Stack-an-Armin, near St. Kilda, by some fowling and killed as a witch three days later by its captors, who had meanwhile been greatly alarmed by a tempest, which they imagined had been raised by their unfortunate victim. In Iceland, or near the coast-line, a few of these birds remained till 1844, when, apparently, the very last of them—two survivors—were captured alive on a rocky skerry known as Geirfugla-skær, near Reykjanes. The garafowl, as it was called in the North, formerly inhabited the Scandinavian North Sea coast-line, as well as the Faroes and Iceland. It was also very numerous off Newfoundland, and was found on Labrador and the East Coast of Greenland. Many a hardy fowler and keen naturalist has searched assiduously



F. Killo.

THE CROSS AND THE SOUTH PORCH.

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for this rare sea-fowl during the last sixty years; but it may be now taken for granted that this auk will never be seen again in the living state.

THE LAST GREAT AUK IN ORKNEY.

The story of the last pair of great auks known to inhabit the Orkneys is quite a tragedy in little. Bullock, the naturalist, who was hunting assiduously for specimens in 1812, ascertained that none of these birds had been known off that coast for a hundred years, but that a single pair had of late years frequented the sea off Papa-Westray during the summer season. These were known to the islanders as "the King and Queen of the Acks." One of them, the female, was killed with a stone while sitting on her egg on a ledge or shelf of the cliff-shore; the male bird was still about in a neighbouring bay when Bullock appeared on the scene. This bird Bullock actually saw and, seated in a six-oared boat, chased unsuccessfully for several hours. The great auk was one of the most marvellous of diving and swimming birds, and to this trait the last of the Orkney survivors owed its temporary escape. Next summer this unfortunate bird returned to the coast of Papa-Westray. He was unaccompanied by a mate, and his arrival being soon known to the islanders, he was vigorously pursued. The end came from the gun of a fisherman named Foulis, who, rowing quietly along under the cliff, saw the fowl leap down to the sea and secured it with a charge of shot. This happened in the summer of 1813. Mr. J. A. Harvie-Brown, in his admirable "Fauna of the Orkney Islands," gives very full details of this sad and moving history, and shows an excellent picture, taken from a photograph, of the very cliff-ledge whence the last Scottish great auk plunged to its death. The great auk, although from its feeble and undeveloped wings it had manifestly no powers of flight, was from all accounts an extraordinarily expert diver. It had also the faculty of being able to climb up to holes and shelves of the cliffs where access seemed impracticable. In the Orkneys guillemots are known as "acks," and the title "King and Queen of the Acks" was, manifestly a tribute not only to the great rarity, even in 1813, of this species, but to some fancied resemblance to the guillemot. The islanders admitted, however, that in appearance the birds were more like razor-bills (coulties), having somewhat the same kind of "neb" (bill). It is worthy of note that the egg of the great auk has in general coloration a resemblance to that of the razor-bill. Some of them, however, show a greenish tint and have some likeness to the scrolling often noticeable on the egg of the guillemot. The full tragedy of the extinction of the garafowl has to be sought in many books and zoological records. The late Professor Newton, in a paper contributed to the *Ibis* in 1861, has summed up a great deal of what we now know on the subject. Only those who have sailed among the wild islets, stacks and skerries of the North, set in stormy seas and often inaccessible for a great part of the year, can realise how grim and persistent must have been the pursuit which finally extirpated the last of the garafowl.

BIRD-LIFE IN THE RHONE DELTA.

It has been for so many years the fashion to look upon France as a country where little of wild life is to be seen, that many of the possibilities of that country as a field for the naturalist and wildfowler are, I believe, often overlooked. How many Englishmen, I wonder, are aware that in the great delta of the Rhone that magnificent bird, the flamingo, is still to be found breeding. The ubiquitous egg-hunter, who pursues his prey in the remotest parts of Europe, is, of course, well familiar with this fact; but the less destructive naturalist, who prefers the observation of birds and their habits to the mere accumulation of eggs—many of which ought from their rarity to be taboo—may not be aware of this great and interesting resort of rare wildfowl. Flamingoes favour more especially that part of the Rhone Delta known as the Vaccarès, where a vast extent of water and marsh peculiarly favours the habits of these birds. In this huge and desolate yet most attractive stretch of country many other forms of water-fowl, some rare and *defendus*, some accessible to the gunner, are to be met with. As a place of observation the Rhone Delta is certainly far superior to any British river mouth.

THE SCARCITY OF QUAIL.

For many years past the increasing scarcity of the quail in these islands has been lamented by sportsmen. Even in Ireland, where not so many years ago the average gunner always looked to secure a brace or two of these birds in his daily bag, the quail is now seldom in evidence. In France, a country much more favourably situated than our own for the migration of these birds, all sportsmen are agreed that quails are much less plentiful than they were even a



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CORNISH CHURCHES: IN THE SOUTH AISLE.

score of years since. Frenchmen attribute this increasing scarcity to the enormous netting operations now carried on in Egypt and Syria. Egypt is undoubtedly a great offender in this respect—as great, in fact, as Italy—and it is undoubted that the bulk of the quails annually imported into England as a food supply come from that country. In France, Switzerland, Germany and Austria the carriage of quails by rail is now prohibited, the consequence being that many ships coming from the Mediterranean ports, especially from Italy, Egypt and Syria, are now crammed with these small game-birds on their way to the

markets of London and elsewhere. The mortality of these unfortunate birds on the sea passage is very great, and their sufferings in other ways—thousands, for instance, die in the nets in which they are trapped—are not creditable to the humanity of people who consider themselves civilised and even cultured. The traffic in quails ought to be overhauled, and the shameful waste which obtains in Egypt during the period of migration is in similar need of attention. At the present rate of massacre quails may become in time as extinct as the great auk!

H. A. BRYDEN.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

TO the Duke of Argyll it must have been a very pleasant task to edit the *Intimate Society Letters of the 18th Century*, two volumes (Stanley Paul and Co.). They form, broadly speaking, the annals for a century of the house of Argyll, and though "the best poetry is the most feigning," we may accept as an expression of his real sentiments the poem prefixed to the two volumes, of which the first verse runs:

Of all the centuries that lie
Beneath us in the dust of Time
I like the eighteenth and I try
To paint in thought its fame, and crime.

The documents may conveniently be divided into two classes, those of which the interest is strictly historical and those of a more intimate and social character. To the former class belongs the opening correspondence on the Union of England and Scotland. It contains letters from John, second Duke of Argyll, Lord Leven, and Mr. Cockburne, Lord Justice Clerk. Perhaps the most amusing letter of the series (in selecting it we are not under-valuing the grave importance of the others) is one to Queen Anne, in which the Duke, after giving abundant reasons for doubting the *bona fides* of one McDaniell, an Irishman, finishes with the remark, apparently hastily put down, "May it please your Majesty, I am just now informed that this McDaniell is run away, so those of your Majesty's servants who are now present believe it is all a cheat." The letters to Lord Godolphin throw a welcome light on the motives of those who promoted the Union. We were disappointed with the documents relating to the Jacobite Wars of 1716 and 1745. The letters give many curious details about the habits of the Highlanders, but they are written from the sound but unromantic point of view of the Government. Among the domestic documents we have from the Holyrood Abbey Accounts some payments that show how a nobleman lived about the middle of the eighteenth century. A bill made out to "The Most Hon'ble the Marquis of Lorne" by one John Fortune shows that broiled pigeon, fowl and eggs, and spinach and eggs were ordinary forms of diet; claret and Madeira were the favourite wines, and cost four shillings a bottle. Sherry at two shillings and sixpence and port at two shillings a bottle were also drunk. Lord Lorne had early in June green peas, salad, gooseberry "teart," strawberries, cream and sugar, and, practically speaking, what we have to-day. There is an interesting receipt from Mr. Archibald Campbell, Clerk of Session for His Grace the Duke of Argyll, showing that the window duty was charged upon "thirty-two Windows or Lights for his House lying in the Shire of Edinburgh," that the window duty amounted to three pounds four shillings and the house duty to one shilling. There is a curious laundry account rendered by one Grace MacCallum to the Duke of Argyll. There are bills from grocers, butchers, window-cleaners, all containing records of prices that would be of great value to the statistician. More interesting in a way is the history of Wreck Wine that came from the Isle of Barra on June 8th, 1800. This letter is so curious that we reprint it in full:

CLUNYTH, 8th June, 1800.

Sir,

I have to acquaint you for his Grace's information that a Pipe of Port has been thrown on the Shore near my House which is safe in my Cellar, and that a Pipe of Claret was taken up at Sea but near the shore, which from the bad state of the stave I thought it right to run off; the contents are about three-fourths of a Pipe (it having leaked the rest), and I have this other safe. There has been some Port and some Claret taken up at Sea, but at very considerable distances from land, generally about five or six miles, being the usual distances the Fishers go to Sea with their lines; this Wine I have arrested till I hear from you. May I therefore request you will send me your directions on this subject for my government. I propose being in this Country for a fortnight, and if I could have your answer in that time it would be for the interest of his Grace the Duke, and very agreeable for me.

It is a considerable time since I wrote for general instructions on this subject. If you do me the honour to write within a fortnight, Please address at Fassfern, Fort William; otherwise as usual. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedt. Sert.

(Signed) Roderick McNeil.

To JAS. Ferrier, ESQR.
W.S. Edinburgh.

In reply, Roderick McNeil is informed that the Duke of Argyll wishes to have samples of the different kinds of wine in sealed bottles as early as possible, and on the legal point the writer says:

The Admiral's right extends equally to Wines found at Sea as to what is cast on Shore. The first was of old distinguished by the names of *Fletsham jetsam* and *Lagan*, but in law they are all *wreck*.

Following this there is the account of the expense of saving a pipe of wine by the tenants of Corkamil. It cost four pounds eleven shillings, and we see from the account that it required eight men to carry the pipe out of the reach of the sea "through Rocks and a Coarse Shore." Two men watched it all night; eight other men were employed to bring the pipe to the head of Lochnagaul. Then a quarter cask and seven ankers had to be purchased in order to draw off the contents of the pipe, it being too large to remove from the beach. The workers were refreshed by having served out to them five bottles of whisky and sixpennyworth of bread and cheese, which seems a characteristically Scotch way of living.

The instructions of the Duke of Argyll to his factor of Mull and Morvern ought to be read in full. Mr. Andrew Lang and other experts will be delighted with the letters from Andrew Stuart relating to the Douglas case; but we must pass them by here, as it would take too long to explain its bearings so as to make any extracts intelligible. We must come to one of the most interesting members of the Argyll family, Elisabeth, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll. The Duke shows his partiality for her by repeating the famous portrait by Gavin Hamilton twice, once opposite page 122 of the first volume and as the frontispiece of the second volume, besides giving the pictures by Reynolds and Cotes, and also his warm and hearty defence of her against those who say she was of common station. He traces her ancestry back to Saxon progenitors, and excuses the poverty of the family because it, having settled in Roscommon in the seventeenth century, "followed arms rather than commerce and had entertained more than its resources could stand." He records with zest how the mother, whose maiden name was Bridget Bourke, took her famous three daughters to Dublin, and then to London, where the mob followed and stared at them till the Guards had to see that they walked His Majesty's highway in peace. One of them was married by the Duke of Hamilton. The Duke of Argyll makes no mention of the statement which is put forth by the "Dictionary of National Biography" that she "surreptitiously married James 6th Duke of Hamilton at half past twelve at night on the 14th of February 1752 at Mayfair Chapel with, Horace Walpole says, 'the ring of the bed curtain.'" If this statement is to be accepted, it would conflict with the implication that the Misses Gunning did not go up in life when they married. However that may be, the letters which Dr. Moore, the father of Sir John Moore who died at Corunna, wrote to the Duchess are most fascinating. Her husband had died very early and left her with two boys. One of them made the Grand Tour with Dr. Moore as his tutor, and in the reports that were sent home to the Duchess will be found a most vivid and detailed account of the manner of life of a young and wealthy nobleman of the period, his tastes, his ways of spending money and, in fact, the whole of his life. He seems to have been a most amiable young man, with a disposition that kept him from being at rest unless he had somebody to flirt with, although his flirtations never seem to have affected his heart very closely. He was fond of horses and possibly a little addicted to cards, yet singularly free from vice of any kind. It is a study in manners to read the voluminous reports sent home about him by his worthy tutor and companion. We must skim lightly over the other letters, some of which are of the greatest historical importance. We cannot, however, pass by the amusing "Various Letters" with which the book concludes. One is from Rob Roy to Baillie Buchanan, and is a very characteristic utterance. Another is from Dr. Johnson to Mr. Allen; in it the great man complains that "My Breath is very much obstructed, my legs are very soon tired, and my nights are very restless." Next there is reprinted a record of the appearance

of a merman in the Island of Tiry. The statement about it was made in the presence of "James Maxwell, Esquire, One of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Argyll," and was solemnly sworn to. The essential part of the statement is that, while the upper part of the creature appeared to be human,

at the point where the human form descended into that of a Fish there were two broad lateral fins, and that the tail was forked like that of a Mackerel, but placed flat or horizontally. Depones that there was a small part of the Skin remaining entire near the tail which much resembled the skin of a Porpoise and was perfectly free of hair.

The deposition is attested to by the aforesaid justice of the peace and a doctor of medicine. There is much delightful chatter and gossip. We give an extract to show how a lady of quality wrote in those days:

Well, you See. The Opera went off pleasantly, & so did I Home to Bed, & was in time for King Street chapel yesterday Morning, where we Had a Good Sermon, tho' I thought too Political. At Night I went to An Assembly (not a *Belle Assemblée*) at Ly Cecilia's. There was Lady Betty Mackenzie shaking Her Head, & t'other old Female Sister Mandarin shaking Her Head also, The Maiden House keeper Miss Jennings, with Sundry other Antique Maids, widows, Wives, & what Not too tedious to Mention. Then as for Youthful Virgins & Blooming Brides, I add to the List Mrs. Johnstone, Her Sister Mrs. C: Bury Street, Miss Berrys, Louisa, & your Humble Servant. No one could complain of want of Beaux, for there was ye poor Dear old General flannel'd Up to His Eyes, Marshal Conway who now Neither Sees nor Hears, Genl Bude of full Venerable Aspect, and Lord Mount Edgcomb of Detestable Graces & Grimaces, whose Black Coat for His poor Father Made a Charming Contrast with The Fadeur of His Complexion, & His Bag & Sword added *Much Dignity* to His Gigantic Stature & Warlike Appearance.

Throughout the volumes are to be found many similar letters vividly describing how the great lived in the eighteenth century. We must, however, desist from further quotations and leave our readers themselves to make the acquaintance of one of the most fascinating books issued from the press this season.

BUILDINGS OF THE EAST.

History of Indian and Eastern Architecture, by the late James Fergusson. New edition. (John Murray.)

WITH Eastern problems looming large in the public eye, this enlarged reissue of Fergusson's work, the standard book on an important subject, is very welcome. The Indian section has been edited and extended by Mr. James Burgess, while Mr. Phéné Spiers has partly rewritten the chapters on Further India, China and Java, and has added a chapter on Japanese architecture. Not the least valuable of the new features are the additional woodcuts in the text and the plates reproduced from photographs. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE who were struck by Mr. Ponting's splendid photographs of Pagan, which was the supreme glory of Burma from its foundation in the ninth century until its destruction by the Tartars in 1284, will be interested in the following extraordinary feature of the architecture of the Burmese. They, alone of all peoples who discovered the structural value of the true arch and knew how to build it with radiating stones, not only never employed it as a decorative feature, but seemed to be ashamed of its invention, and endeavoured to hide or mask it. It is in such oppositions as this to Western ideas that the architectures of the East grip our interest and fill us with a large astonishment. Mr. Phéné Spiers notes of the domestic buildings of Japan that the impact of Western fashions has so far affected some of the larger mansions, that a wing has been built in which the reception-rooms conform to what is known as the "Western style." As, however, the Japanese dress is still universally worn and its use demands simple interiors, the native-built part of the house is kept for home life. The unchanging character of the East is nowhere more apparent than in its buildings. Development in design was slow, and was affected by nothing less powerful than far-reaching racial and religious movements. The buildings of the English occupation of India have been mostly the melancholy result of stretching tropical requirements on the Procrustean bed of a northern architecture which grew under grey skies. A Gothic railway station is a gruesome thing in England, but when it is put up in Bombay, the complaint of misgovernment seems to borrow substance. It is rather to the engineering works, to bridges and irrigation schemes, and to the infinite stretches of railway that feed the famine districts in their hour of need that the constructive genius of Great Britain must look for its apologia in the Indian Empire.

THE PORTRAYAL OF DEATH.

Renaissance Tombs of Rome, by Gerald S. Davies, M.A. (John Murray.)

THE luminous studies of Italian sculpture which Mr. Davies has already given us bring the reviewer to his latest volume with pleased anticipation, which is not disappointed. He has produced a monograph on a subject hitherto neglected, which, both from the freshness of its criticism and the fulness of the *catalogue raisonné* that fills more than half the volume, will delight the general reader as well as the student. His plain statement of the facts about the Cosmatesque school should correct some prevalent loose thinking about the prevailing influence on sculpture in Rome during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It took its name, not from its founders, but from the family of Laurentius, which flourished from about 1150 to 1332. Two of these in later generations, who bore the Christian name of Cosmas, so impressed their genius on the art of the marmorari, who took their traditions from ancient Rome, that the unusual happened, and those who crowned the labours of a brilliant period, instead of those who founded it, supplied it with an enduring name. The Cosmatesque pavement in Westminster Abbey, made to the order of that saintly Macenas, Henry III., was laid not by a Cosmas, but by Petrus Oderici, and another Peter, probably his son, finished the tomb of Edward the Confessor. This introduction of Cosmatesque methods, in the inlay of delicate stone and glass mosaic, made no very lasting mark on English sculpture, but it is interesting to note that the swift intuition of the late Francis Bentley determined its large use in Westminster Cathedral. Mr. Davies leads us through the work of Arnolfo di Cambio

and the dead period of the fourteenth century, when the bitter dissensions in Rome paralysed artistic achievement there, while everywhere else in Italy sculpture was developing with passionate speed. Though he has little to record of the subject matter of his book, the pages are alive with the history of those savage times. The story of Rome's monuments is that of artistic adventure in the fifteenth century, and it is pieced together with infinite care from documents and from close study of the monuments themselves, which have suffered so severely from the destroyer, and still worse from the restorer. The subject is so large that readers must go to the book for its elucidation, and therein they will be abundantly helped by the splendid range of illustrations. One phrase may be detached from its context, as it has a wider reference than to the Tuscan art of which it is written. "The realism . . . is not the realism of the mere outward facts of appearance—the dull, the gross, the exciting, the voluptuous in plain presentment—but always the outward facts as they are beautified, endeared to us, realised to us, by bringing them into touch with our better, not our baser, sympathies. And this is absolutely 'realism,' admitting as little of parody and sham sentiment as the most appalling realities of the latest French salon. . . . There is other realism than that which pictures to us with living reality the mere physical facts of our humanity: there is the realism which sees the bearing of the facts in better proportion to the higher side of humanity." The sound æsthetic sense of this extract gives a measure of the book, which is to be commended heartily.

TOO FAR THE OTHER SIDE.

The Other Side, by Horace Vachell. (Nelson.)

WE must confess to a certain disappointment in Mr. Vachell's new book, and that in spite of a sincere appreciation of the earnestness and beauty of its conception. Mr. Vachell cannot write except with an honesty and skill that raise his work into the front rank of contemporary authors; but it is because of this fact that one regrets that in his new book he should have left the life of this world, which few can depict and appreciate better than he, for the life of the unknown world that presses so closely round this one, and is yet a region wherein the steps of mortals are uncertain and conjectural, and, as such, never really convincing subjects for the art of a mortal! Many books are written nowadays about that country, the veil from which, some say, is being gradually lifted; but the fact remains that knowledge and imagination joined alone form the basis of true art. In writing of such things as Mr. Vachell writes of here a man is writing with the aid of imagination alone of things he cannot possibly have known or know, and the memory of that fact never leaves the reader. David Archdale is a musical genius who goes down before the temptation of this world and prostitutes his gifts. After the death of his wife, a wise and beautiful character, he falls still lower, and lets his little daughter fall too, into the sordid ease and meanness of the common life of man. Then he is killed in a motor accident. In the after world he meets his dead wife, and is sent back by her to save their daughter and retrieve his mistakes. He comes to life again a cripple, blind, his genius gone, but himself again; and before he goes to return no more he has redeemed his child. That is a bald outline of the story. Even accepting the conception as a whole, it would have been a stronger one, we think, had Mollie, the daughter, been depicted as standing in direr need of moral salvation than is indicated here, thus providing a stronger motive for so immense a revolution as David's return to life; but the truth is that the mind refuses to accept such conjectures as of serious import. Interesting and unusual the story is, and full of those great truths for the realisation of which one is in these latter days grateful to a writer; but that world which is the hope of this one is in this one a hope only, and to treat it as an experience is to leave the rock on which art must keep her feet however far her eyes may wander. Mr. Vachell is too good to be lost in these mystical regions where no man can follow him, when writers who are as able as he to write books that shall be as lanterns to the feet of his fellows are so few and far between.

IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

The Unwedded Bride, by W. R. Cullen. (John Long.)

DAYS of cruelty and horror, of battles and wanderings, of gipsies and soldiers of burnings and elopements and beheadings—these are the days of which Mr. Cullen writes. They make good reading, but they must have been bad living for all their high romance and excitement. Scotland in the days of Mary Stuart was a place of ease and security for no man, and still less for a woman, and of the wild doings of those lawless days and their utter disregard for human life Mr. Cullen has made a moving tale. It goes without a halt to its tragic end, wherein Sir John Gordon pays with his life for his father's rebellion, and Mary Stuart, the Queen, and Mary Menzies, Mr. Cullen's heroine, together watch him die. Many are the adventures and perils (unusually many, we must think, even for those days) through which Mary Menzies wins to peace and love; and Mr. Cullen weaves a fine story out of the piece of history he has chosen for his background. The only criticism we will allow ourselves is that a heroine of stronger mould and finer scruples would have fitted better perhaps into such a stormy setting.

POETICAL INJUSTICE.

Freda, by Katharine Tynan. (Cassell.)

IN this book Miss Tynan deserts the usual pleasant pastures of her literary wanderings and treats of hard matters and hard people and disagreeable topics. She treats of them, nevertheless, in her usual gentle way, and the only quarrel we have with a most readable tale arises from this same gentle treatment. The hateful person, Peggy Vane, for instance (whose name, by the way, surely was not Peggy Vane?), never receives justice for the cruel treatment she metes out to the unfortunate little child, Freda, in the lonely French house by the sea, nor for the shameless selfishness of her treatment of the poor rake, Dennis Vane, whom she deserts. Far from it! She is flaunting it securely as Lady Roseveare at the end of the book, admired and courted by everybody, including the gentle Freda herself. In spite of this lapse in Miss Tynan's appreciation of her creation's just deserts, however, *Freda* is a very pretty story of a charming young woman, in whose happiness we rejoice when she at last discovers who she is, and, forgiving everybody indiscriminately, takes her right place and her rightful inheritance and the right man. But it rather surprises the reader yet again when Lord Grandison, whose baseness has blackened his brother's memory and caused his niece cruel suffering, merely remarks when Freda discovers him, "After all, I am glad it is done with. I shall sleep to-night"—and apparently does sleep quite comfortably!

POPULAR LAW.

Shots From a Lawyer's Gun, by Nicholas Everitt. (Everett and Co.) Mr. EVERITT may be congratulated on the success of his instructive and amusing book. It is, as far as we know, the only work upon legal questions which is as amusing as it is instructive, and we are glad to find that Mr. Everitt has been called upon to bring out a fifth edition. Its interest to our readers lies in the fact that the subjects dealt with are those connected with the country. Very properly the author has placed as a frontispiece to his new book a picture of the Judges of the Court for Crown Cases hearing the appeal of the Elsenham Game

Egg Case. That it has been included shows how well the book is kept up to date. Mr. Six-and-eight and Mr. Stubbles discuss the Crown Game Acts of 1880 and 1906, and altogether the legal questions that interest dwellers in the country are kept well up to date. We may instance the discussion of that much-disputed question, the right of the public to shoot on the foreshore. Mr. Everitt has been able to add a second chapter to the original discussion of this based on the decisions that were given in 1909. The history of these cases shows how, with the increasing population, there is a tendency to contract the liberty of the citizen. Free shooting is now nearly as difficult to obtain as free fishing.

THE N.R.A. BISLEY MEETING.

THE fifty-first of the annual meetings promoted by the National Rifle Association terminated on Saturday last with a perfect triumph for the Universities, Corporal F. R. Radice of Oxford winning the King's Prize with a score which left all previous records behind, and Lieutenant A. M. Humphry of Cambridge the St. George's Vase, also with a record score.

The present has indeed been a meeting of records, a circumstance which, in association with a marked diminution in entries, has excited what might be justly termed consternation among those interested in the Bisley Meetings. The subject has provided the chief topic of conversation throughout the meeting, and the Press has elected to treat it as of national importance. Seeing that our national rifle-shooting traditions began only fifty years ago, and half a century is but a moment in the history of an evolution, we see no ground for either alarm or panic legislation. On the contrary, we have every confidence in the ability of the Council to meet the circumstances appropriately. At the same time, we propose to touch upon some of the features of an evolution which has finally culminated in the present state of affairs. And, firstly, as regards the record scores. The dimensions of the scoring rings upon the targets used have not up to the present borne any definite scientific relation to either the possibilities of the rifle, the capabilities of the users, or the distances at which the rifles are fired; they have, like Topsy, simply grown. In the meantime the precision of rifles has steadily improved, and the minor changes made in the targets have levelled the scores proportionately until the present meeting. About two years since the N.R.A. took the momentous step of opening Bisley as a field for the exploitation of improvements in our national Service weapon, whereupon aperture sights were almost instantly universally adopted by the competitors. Last year the difficult shooting weather served to counteract the advantage of the improved sights, and the small increase in the scores attracted little notice. This year the shooting conditions have, to use the rifleman's own language, been "jammy," and for the first time in the history of the British Service weapon competitors have had a fair chance of demonstrating its precision capabilities when directed with the aid of scientifically designed aiming devices. The immediate result has been to eclipse all previous shooting records and to emphasise the deficiencies of the N.R.A. targets and scoring standards.

The immediate result of every improvement in rifles since the inception of the N.R.A. pales into insignificance when compared with the results directly due to the substitution of a small hole for a V as a back-sight. No more important achievement than such a public demonstration of the possibilities of a military rifle when properly sighted has ever yet been accomplished by the N.R.A., and it is ardently to be hoped that those responsible for the design of our Service weapon will spare neither time nor pains to develop the aperture sight in form adapted to Service requirements, for there can be no doubt that in all hands and under all circumstances it multiplies the possibilities of the rifle by ten. The high-scoring difficulty will be easily met by the scientific adjustment of the dimensions of the scoring rings to the improved capabilities of the rifle. Miniature-riflemen who adopted aperture sights six years ago remodelled their targets at the same time, and in the decimal target, favoured of miniature-riflemen, the N.R.A. may find the underlying principle of a target which will meet their requirements.

Concerning the diminution of entries, we last week commented upon certain avoidable expenses which have, doubtless, contributed to deter prospective competitors, and now propose to deal with the arrangement

of the prize attractions which, despite their abundance, still appeal to but a limited circle. It is generally conceded that the prize-lists in each event must be longer if more people are to be attracted, while it is equally certain that no funds are available out of which the N.R.A. can afford to be more liberal; hence the question seems to resolve itself into fewer contests having longer prize-lists. To instance a case in which this could be effected by a rearrangement of the present programme. With the All-comers' Aggregate is associated the *Daily Graphic*, the *Graphic*, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Alexandra*, four separate contests, at 500yds., 200yds., 600yds., 200yds. and 600yds. respectively, in which a total sum of two thousand two hundred pounds is distributed in seven hundred and ninety prizes, in addition to three valuable cups, ten pictures and fifty medals. The aggregate entry fees for these events is two pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence, and some one thousand



MR F. R. RADICE IS CHAIRED.

two hundred competitors are usually attracted. As at present arranged, there are five separate prize-lists, and the chances of any competitor getting into one or all of these lists is, regardless of his quality, roughly, $\frac{1,200}{325}$, $\frac{1,200}{130}$, $\frac{1,200}{130}$, $\frac{1,200}{130}$ and $\frac{1,000}{125}$ from which it may be inferred that some one thousand two hundred riflemen are prepared to back their prowess at odds of from about three and a-half to nine to one. Assuming that these contests were amalgamated, the prize fund available could be divided into about six hundred and fifty prizes, all exceeding the combined entry fees in value, and so reduce the odds to something less than two to one. Such a rearrangement would probably not find sympathy with such of the present competitors whose skill is good enough to take them into nearly every prize-list; at the same time, it should appeal to a much wider field of riflemen who under present conditions stay away. The four contests mentioned now take two days and involve firing thirty-five shots in all. If ten shots were fired at each distance, the above-mentioned cups and prizes in kind might be awarded as range prizes as they are at present, and the fifty medals and cash prizes to the highest aggregate scores *seriatim*, while the shooting could be completed in one day.

A study of the Bisley programme discloses several other groups of contests which might be similarly amalgamated so as to shorten both

the time and the odds, thereby appealing to a wider field of competitors and saving time and expense to both competitors and the N.R.A.

Having regard to the expense of running the meeting and the expenses incurred by the competitor, it is possible that some satisfactory expedient might be found for shortening the meeting without necessarily reducing the amount of shooting. The range officers, register keepers, markers, orderlies, statistics officers and general staff probably number two, if not three, to each competitor, and cost some two thousand five hundred pounds for each meeting. Among many somewhat cumbersome processes which might conceivably be discontinued, and which contribute so largely to expense and consumption of time, the marking of each shot separately might be mentioned. We are aware that the present system is hallowed by many years of precedent; nevertheless, more modern shooting practice has demonstrated that no absolutely essential purpose is served by indicating the location of each hit or of signalling its value before the next shot is fired. There is no doubt that the shooter derives immense assistance from the marker, inasmuch as knowledge of the position of the preceding hit often helps him to apply correction for wind and elevation. At the same time, the Bisley contests are examinations rather than lessons, and such assistance, which would not be forthcoming in the field, might well be abjured at Bisley. Moreover, the difficulty of contending with changing winds is obviously proportioned to the time the shoot occupies. If, for example, the sighting shot was marked, and then the competitor had the target to himself for one or two minutes, during which he fired his seven or ten shots, he would have just as many less changes of wind to deal with as might be expected to occur in the two minutes he would occupy and the twenty to thirty minutes he now requires to complete a shoot. By such an arrangement it should be possible for ten men to shoot per target per hour as against six men at present, and the value of the hits might be signalled at the end of the shoot, the laborious work of

the markers would be lessened, and many register keepers and range officers might be dispensed with. If the contention of the military authorities who enforced the use of the multi-coloured figure target is correct, the scoring at 500yds., where this target was used, ought to have been generally lower, whereas it was, in fact, considerably higher than when the bullseye target was used. The introduction of this target doubtless contributed to the driving of some of the older hands from the ranks of shooters without accomplishing any useful purpose; at the same time, it has exercised so little effect that whether it is continued or not has become a matter of indifference. The reduction of the speed test from forty-five to thirty seconds in some of the rapid events has increased the general average of the size of the groups of hits by some thirty per cent. and reduced the number of hits on the central figure over fifty per cent., thereby indicating that there is a limit to useful speed even under musketry conditions.

The contest for the Vizianagram Challenge Cups, better known as the Lords and Commons Match, is, judging from the number of spectators, again becoming an object of interest. Time was when this match attracted thousands of spectators, and at Bisley on Saturday last the assemblage was quite abnormal. The match was fired with the Service rifle, seven shots each at 500yds. and 600yds., and was won by the Commons by eight points. The following scores were made:

THE COMMONS.			THE LORDS.		
Major Foster	54	Lord Waldegrave	58
Captain Tryon	51	Viscount Hood	58
Major Gilmour	55	Lord Semphill	53
Mr. V. Fleming	54	Lord Cheylesmore	33
Major Morrison-Beil	61	Duke of Wellington	65
Captain the Hon. Guy Wilson	64	Lord Loch	61
Captain Courthope	66	Lord Lovat	56
Captain Murray	51	Lord Stanhope	64
456			448		

E. N.

THE FORM OF THE TWO YEAR OLDS.

THE theory of a handicap being that by the due adjustment of the weights a bad horse and a good one should be given equal chances of winning a race, it is fair to assume that when a race of that description is won by a head, especially if the finish has been fought out between a heavy-weight and a light-weight, the work of the handicapper has been well and truly done. Admitting this, it is curious to note that, in spite of the adverse criticism of which the official handicappers have frequently been the object, not a few of the handicap races of the present season have been won by the narrow margin of a "head." Recent instances of this may be given as having occurred in the Beaufort Stakes, a welter handicap in which, on July 12th, New Castle II (8st.) beat Artisan (8st. 10lb.) by a "head," and in

the July Handicap on the following day, when by a similar distance Perseus III. (8st. 5lb.) defeated McIntyre (6st. 3lb.);

and it may, too, be noted that in each of these cases the winner was an American-bred animal, trained by Joyner and ridden by J. H. Martin, to whose brilliant horsemanship many of the victories gained by American horses since their arrival in this country have been due.

The two three year olds, Lemberg and Neil Gow, of which we show a spirited picture, epitomise in their history the characteristics of the two year olds. After a tremendous race for the Two Thousand Guineas, a race in which the two colts had run side by side and stride for stride from the very moment that the tapes went up, the advantage remained with Neil Gow by a head. They met again in the Derby; but a few days before that race Lord Rosebery's colt had sprung a curb, and the excuses



LEMBERG AND NEIL GOW.

put forward on his behalf were apparently valid. Last week they tried conclusions for the third time this year, and as may be seen by the excellent photograph which accompanies these notes, at the end of the mile and a-quarter gallop the judge was unable to say which had won and which had lost, for so equal were they that there was not even a "head" between them.

Apart from races of the handicap class there have been quite an unusual number of close finishes between what may be called the better class two year olds of the season, the verdict in favour of the winner of many of the races having been but a "head" or a neck. It being in the highest degree improbable that there are many good two year olds, the inference to be drawn from the closeness of their running seems to be that the great majority of them are of inferior quality.

Exceptions there are, and it is fairly certain that such as Mushroom, by Common out of Quick—one of the few two year olds that have managed to win the Fern Hill Stakes, Seaforth, by Symington out of a mare by Timothy, St. Nat, by St. Denis out of Nathalie, and Cellini, by Cyllene out of Sirenia, are two year olds of class; others may be discovered before the close of the season, but as far as we have gone these appear to be the best. By way of examples of the narrow margin by which some of the two year old races of the year have been won, we may take, to begin with, the head by which Sir E. Cochran's filly, Nicola, by Symington out of Vahren, beat St. Nat in the Sandown Park Produce Stakes on her first and only appearance in public; she was, it is true, in receipt of her sex allowance of 3lb., but it should be placed to her credit that she it was that overhauled the colt, and that, too, on the severe incline of the Sandown Two Year Old Course. Whether she would be capable of again beating Mr. Joel's colt or not is open to doubt; but for the time being she is entitled to the credit of having done so, and, moreover, to the doubtful honour of being handicapped on an almost 2lb.—footing with one of the best colts of the year. As Nicola had done at Sandown, so did Feramorz, a good-looking colt by St. Frusquin out of Musa, when, running for the first time, he won the Newmarket Two Year Old Plate by a head from Lindoiya; but the "form" was not as good as that in the Sandown Park race won by Nicola, nor has the colt maintained his reputation, for his subsequent attempts have ended in failure, and for the time being he must be estimated as being at least 15lb. below the best of his year.

In the Salisbury Stakes Rupert, quite a middle-class colt, beat Hippolyte (in receipt of 3lb.) by a head, the third place being filled by Rhosmarket, who subsequently won the Warwickshire Breeders' Foal Plate by a head from Sauve qui Peut, to whom he was giving 11lb.

In the Coventry Stakes at Ascot "heads" only divided the three placed horses—Radiancy, Joie de Vivre and Cellini; but it is fairly certain that were they to meet again on the same terms the last would be easily first, for he was then "green" and backward, and it may, by the way, be noted that he had previously been beaten by a "head" in the Knavesmire Maiden Two Year Old Plate, which resulted in a dead heat between Braxted and San Nicolas. Another "head" victory gained at Ascot was that by which the American-bred Borrow beat Mary Carmichael, by St. Frusquin out of Queen's Marie, in the Windsor Castle Stakes; and going on to Sandown Park, we find that it was by a "head" that Dhu Loun, a colt by Symington out of Monday, beat Lucky Slave, a filly by St. Serf out of Sprig of Heather. After a tremendous finish, St. Anton, by

St. Frusquin out of Grig, beat Romeo, by Flying Fox out of Glare, by a "head" for the July Stakes at Newmarket, and, by the way, it was at the same meeting, in a race of much inferior class, that Empress Josephine won the Two Year Old Selling Plate by a "head" from



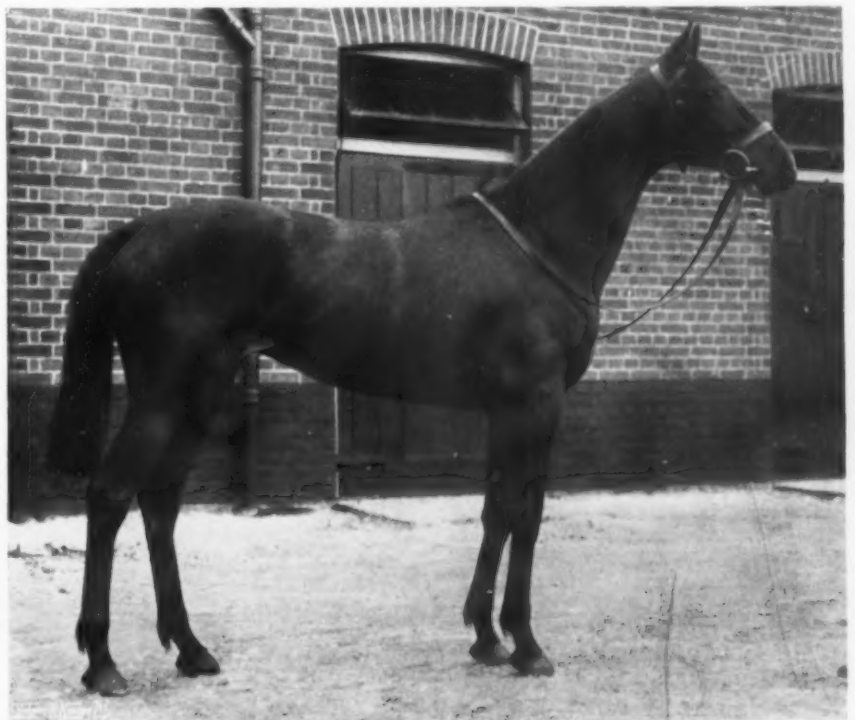
W. A. Rouch.

SEAFORTH.

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Kiel, in a field of twenty runners, and that Pietri, by St. Frusquin out of Pie Powder, gave Nerestan a "head" beating in the Princess Plate. It may, too, be noted that both St. Anton and Pietri are the property of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who is also their breeder.

Still more recent instances of races having been won by a "head" may be supplied by the victories gained



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NICOLA.

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by the Sandringham-bred colt, Meadow Chat, in the Khedive Plate, by Romeo in the Chesterfield Stakes, and of the upsetting of a tremendous "pot" when, after being badly interfered with in running, Virgin Queen lost the Reach Plate by a head to News. Interesting though it

may be to notice the closeness of the running between the two year olds, it is more than probable that in the



W. A. Rouch.

DHU LOUN.

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majority of cases the future will find them widely separated in the matter of their respective "form."

KENNEL NOTES.

HIS MISTRESS'S VOICE.

CHANGE of ownership is evidently an ordeal to many dogs, especially such as have enjoyed the close companionship of the late master or mistress. Pathetic stories can be told of new purchases refusing food and behaving in a manner which leaves no doubt as to the grief they are experiencing. Mrs. Weaver, the well-known breeder of Pekingese, relates an anecdote which is worth giving. She recently purchased a little dog called Pe-chi-li, who refused to become reconciled to exile from his late mistress. He would neither eat nor go out with his kennel companions. In the absence of Mrs. Weaver the kennel-maid was in despair, not knowing

the dog, who showed unmistakable pleasure at the sound of the familiar voice, and from that time he became as happy and contented as one could wish. Time usually works a cure, as it will in the case of human beings, but sometimes the mourning-period is long enough to jeopardise the life of the newcomer. It is most difficult to know what to do under such circumstances; but application to the seller may sometimes elicit the fact that some particular dainty is relished above all other food, and the proffering of it may establish friendly relations. Spoilt and pampered dogs are the worst with which we can have to deal—that is to say, if we believe in treating them in a rational manner and refuse to bring them up as if they were pampered children. I remember once buying a bloodhound from a lady. For days on end he turned up his nose at the good, wholesome food offered him, looking most contemptuously upon boiled horse-flesh, or even cooked beef. We exercised him hard, or, rather he exercised the kennel-man and me. I have never known an animal to pull as he did, and many a time have I wished that he could have been put into a sledge. He arrived at King's Cross early on Sunday morning, where I met him, as it was difficult for the man to be away at so early an hour. Thinking a walk would be appreciated after long confinement, I released him from his hamper and put him on a chain. Then the fun began. He plunged and pulled like a cart-horse, and the only way in which I could keep a check on his exuberance was to make a bee-line for each lamppost, upon which I hung with all my might. At one place we passed a doctor's brougham with the door open. In sprang the hound, and ensconced himself on a seat as if to the manner born. There was no doubt as to his patrician upbringing. When he finally consented to let me reach home I was an absolute wreck. However, this is a digression. The brute became so thin from total abstinence that at last I confided my difficulties to the lady from whom he came. "How did you feed him?" was my question, and the answer came back, "A quart of new milk warm from the cow in the morning, with two or three fresh eggs in it. Afterwards boiled chicken or young rabbit, and sometimes mutton chops." It seemed to me that I had acquired an expensive luxury, but we could not see him die, so we tried a rabbit, and he began to feed in a finicking manner. Then I gave him a simple tonic as an appetiser, which worked wonders. In the course of time he became as good at the trencher as any of the other hounds, but it was months before we could get him to go properly on a lead. He was so wild when loose that we were in constant dread of losing him.

EDUCATION.

This little disquisition may point to the necessity of teaching a puppy good manners from his youth upwards. The immature mind is very receptive, and it is astonishing how soon elementary ideas of discipline may be inculcated. When a dog is intended to be exhibited it is desirable to accustom him to a lead at an early age. Put one on him at home, and pat and encourage him. At first he will fight and struggle to get away. Do not storm and shout, but just exercise a little patience, and if you have a tit-bit ready as a reward, so much the better. After a time or two the puppy will allow you to guide him in the direction in which you wish him to go, although he will still resent the restriction. Do not keep him at it until he tires. A little at a time is sufficient. As far as possible let the lead be associated with pleasurable circumstances—a romp or a little run outside. In time he will go steadily and you will have the comfort of knowing that when you take him into the ring he will make the best of his good points. The trouble spent upon the education of a puppy repays one a hundred-fold, for out of it arises a spirit of camaraderie which gives pleasure to both, and great is the satisfaction of owning a dog that is under good control. His faculties are developed, and in every respect he is a more worthy companion for a self-respecting man or woman. As far as feeding is concerned, so long as it is wholesome and the diet is of a kind likely to produce hard flesh and muscle, nothing more is called for. Dainties should find no place in a canine menu. They are altogether undesirable, only tending to spoil the creature and harm his digestion. Any veterinary surgeon will tell you that, save for such contagious diseases as distemper, half the ills of dogdom come from improper feeding. It is a much easier thing to ruin the digestion by misdirected kindness than it is to restore it to a healthy condition when it has once gone wrong. Dyspepsia, apart from working much mischief, gives a dog an unpleasant odour.

A. CROXTON SMITH.



W. A. Rouch.

ROMEO.

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what to do to coax the grieving one into a more contented frame of mind. In a happy moment she rang up the former owner on the telephone and asked her to speak. The receiver was put to the ear of

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

BRAID AND VARDON AT ROMFORD.

BRAID revisited the haunts of his youth at Romford last week and was beaten in a scoring round by Harry Vardon. Vardon is described as having played very fine golf save in the matter of one or two putts which might have been holed. Everybody, however, misses one or two of that sort; that which so often brings down destruction on Vardon's head is the missing of five or six. When he is putting with anything approaching steadiness, he is still as likely to win as any golfer alive, for till the fatal putting green is reached his play is absolutely magnificent. At Portmarnock in his match against Sherlock his approaching was quite extraordinarily good, and time after time he gave himself a great chance of holing, but not one of the putts would go down. It was not that he missed the really horribly short ones, but that he never could get down at that range at which it is good to get down any one particular putt, but most decidedly bad not to get down any at all. It says a great deal for Romford as a thoroughly searching test of golf that Vardon and Braid should take as many as 76 and 78 strokes respectively to go round.

SOME LONG HOLES.

Romford incidentally possesses two of the longest holes to be found consecutively on any golf course. These are the fourth and fifth, which the most distinguished of golfers would be quite happy to leave unplayed if they for two fives. It is not often in these long-driving days that one comes across two holes running which each requires two full shots and a bit. There are, of course, the fourth and fifth at Blackheath, which are not only long, but can boast some of the very flintiest lies that ever harassed mortal golfer. Mr. F. S. Ireland used to be able to jerk the ball away for incredible distances with the driving mashie, but for weaker players—we speak of the days of gutties—a bad lie used to mean a seven for the hole. This fourth hole at Blackheath has generally enjoyed the reputation of being the longest extant, but in a well-known golfing book of reference we have just come across this statement: "At Evian-les-Bains there is a hole 700 yards long. This is the longest golf hole in the world." The second part of this statement affords some faint consolation after the alarming nature of the first. One can only hope that this "record" hole is on a down slope. One of the holes that on occasions can feel as if it were the longest in the world is the seventh at Rye. In reality it cannot compare with this horror from Evian, but anyone who has played it against a really strong wind knows the feeling of utter hopelessness that it inspires. The latter part of the journey consists of scaling a hill by a series of successive ledges, and there are days when an eight is a respectable score, a seven almost brilliant and a six a fluke.

LOCAL KNOWLEDGE.

It may be assumed that Braid's once intimate knowledge of the course has grown a little rusty with the flight of years. The value of this local knowledge varies, of course, enormously with the particular course. Where there are many blind holes it is, naturally, immense, and when to the blind holes are added putting greens of devious and deceptive slopes, then the local demon is indeed to be feared. Some of those courses that lie on the downs, such as Eastbourne, for instance, are infinitely perplexing to the visitor. Huddersfield, again, is a course on which the home side—a team of very good players, by the way—are said to be as near as may be invincible, and after playing the last nine holes there in a gale of wind one can well believe it. These are comparatively extreme instances, but there is no course so transparently straightforward as not to give a quite perceptible advantage to the man who is at home. It is such a saving of mental wear and tear to know by an instinct born of long experience what club is required for approaching the green. It was very noticeable in watching Mr. Maxwell playing in the amateur championship at Muirfield last year how instantaneously he decided on the precise variety of iron club that was wanted. Muirfield, though superficially a plain-sailing course, is a distinctly puzzling one in regard to the judging of distances. Other people were half-heartedly taking out of their bags first one club and then another; they were listening dubiously to the words of their caddies, whereas Mr. Maxwell walked straight up to his ball and hit it—on to the green. This reduction of the necessity for thought to a minimum is altogether to be recommended.

HOW IT DOES NOT ALWAYS AVAIL.

That it is not always enough to be on one's own green is shown by the first half of the match between Mayo and Rainford. These two played a home-and-home match last year, of which the first half was played on Mayo's native

heath of Burhill. Mayo there and then proceeded to hole so many putts and do other unchristian things that by the time Rainford got on to his own course of Llangammarch he was so far in arrears that nothing but the proverbial stroke of apoplexy could save him, and there being no such providential intervention, he was very badly beaten. Thirsting for revenge, however, he challenged his conqueror again, and this year he had the satisfaction of beginning on his own course. Once again, however, Mayo did the most desperate deeds and finished six up on the first half of the match. Rainford would seem to have played well enough, but what avails local knowledge or anything else against a gentleman who goes round in 70 and 68 on somebody else's course?

SANDY LODGE.

Braid, Vardon, Johns and Ferguson played at the formal opening of Sandy Lodge last week. Braid and Vardon tied in the scoring round with 75 apiece, and in a foursome the Englishmen beat the Scots by two up and one to play. Sandy Lodge sprang into fame almost before it sprang into actual existence as a course because of its extreme sandiness, and especially because experience has taught golfers to expect good honest clay rather than fine white sand in the vicinity of Northwood. Certainly the sand is there in abundance. It is wonderfully white, moreover, so that the artificial sand-hills which have been raised in every direction look really remarkably like those which are to be found on seaside courses. A very great deal of skill has been shown in the making of them, and if they do not look entirely natural, it is the fault not of any human architect, but of Providence, which decreed that the county of Middlesex should not have a sea-board. A very distinct feature of the course are the one-shot holes, of which there are no less than six. The fashion for an increased number of short holes has been very marked of late years—Worplesdon, for instance, has no less than five—but six is the largest number we can remember to have seen in serious modern "architecture." On the whole they are thoroughly interesting, or at least five of them are, and it is not fair to criticise the other, which has not yet been bunkered. The one which is not really the best or most difficult, but which will leave the most lasting impression, is the home hole, where is a pit of unfathomable depth that has to be carried from the tee. The shot is a simple one enough and only sheer unreasoning terror should make one top. If ever there was an excuse for being terrified, this bunker most certainly supplies it.

A "BENT NURSERY."

The distinctive feature of the course consists, however, not so much of the bunkers as of the bent grass with which they are adorned. These bents have been imported from different courses. Some come from Aberdovey, after which the twelfth hole takes its name; others from Le Touquet and from North Berwick. There is also lyme grass at the third hole, which is extremely ornamental, but so thick that one might very easily lose a ball in it. The bents seem to have taken very kindly to their new surroundings; they look very vigorous, and certainly add enormously to the attractions of the sand-hills. They are being anxiously looked after, too, for at one point in the course is a little railed off enclosure which is called the "bent nursery." Here may be seen a number of very young and innocent-looking grasses, which are in reality

juvenile bents, being carefully brought up to be a snare and a punishment to the errant hitter.

MR. H. M. CAIRNES.

Mr. Cairnes is and has been for a good many years past one of the best of Irish golfers. He has won the close championship of Ireland and reached the final of the open championship two years ago, when he was beaten by Mr. J. F. Mitchell. Perhaps, however, his greatest achievement was the removal of Mr. Robert Maxwell from this year's amateur championship in the very first round. Curiously enough, Mr. Cairnes had been completely off his game on the preceding days; but he came on to it in the nick of time, and not only drove beautifully straight, but holed out admirably in a new patent putting style which he had apparently invented for the occasion. It was an extraordinarily interesting match to watch on account of its many and rapid fluctuations, and Mr. Cairnes well deserved to win. In the very next round he had to meet Mr. John Ball, and the task proved too much for him, but he had done enough for honour and glory. Mr. Cairnes plays chiefly at Portmarnock, though he is also to be seen sometimes at Dollymount. He is a member of the committee selected to report on the various courses from which a new championship course has to be selected in 1912, and is at present showing his fellow-members over some of the Irish courses.



MR. H. M. CAIRNES.

A GREAT SCORE AT STOKE POGES.

Golfers are continually doing very wonderful scores, but it is a long while since there has been anything quite so remarkable as Mr. de Montmorency's round of 66 last Saturday at Stoke Poges. In the very strictest sense of the word this is not a record, because the word record implies a round played with the accompaniment of those two dread engines, the card and pencil. It remains, however, a truly astounding achievement, for Stoke Poges is not by any manner of means a short or an easy course. In point of fact, it is quite long and quite reasonably difficult. Needless to say, Mr. de Montmorency had some remarkable holes. He began with two consecutive threes, and as at the first hole two vast drives are required to reach the green under favourable circumstances,

this was a very promising start. A little later, when he came to the seventh hole, that hole of really fiendish difficulty that lies between a stream on one side and a road on the other, he proceeded to traverse the distance from the tee to the bottom of the hole in one stroke. He was out in 32 and, remaining quite unabashed by his own remarkable play, came home in 34. He did actually have three fives in the round, and one of those who played with him declared that they ought all to have been fours. It is really, however, a little exacting to demand anything much better than 66. This round shows once more—indeed, there was no further proof needed—what an extraordinarily fine golfer Mr. de Montmorency has become in the last few years. It also makes it more aggravating than ever that the dates of the championship and the Eton holidays do not coincide.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PROBLEMS OF INHERITANCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter signed "Percentage" which appears in your issue of July 9th. The writer suggests that it is no use to consider the quality of the population being born in these islands, since the falling birth-rate will depopulate the country before it can be arrested. In support of his contention he adduces the local statistics of Bath, Brighton, Hove and Torquay. I do not wish to minimise the sinister import of the fall in the birth-rate, but it will be evident that the places named, which are of special character, and subject to the immigration of invalids, old people and young children, are not fair samples of the country as a whole. Our population is still increasing in the aggregate, and, though the birth-rate of the nation has been falling since 1876, it is still high enough to more than supply our losses by death. The really alarming symptoms appear when we turn to the consideration of the relative rates of reproduction of different sections of the people. In our recent book "The



AMID STRANGE SURROUNDINGS.

Family and the Nation," figures have been given to show that the successful families in all ranks of life have halved their birth-rate in the last forty years. The thrifty skilled artisans, the more eminent professional men, the leading officials and the more prominent landed gentry show the same result. Their birth-rate has sunk below the point required to balance the deaths. The successful classes are on the road towards extinction. On the other hand, casual labourers, and still more clearly the feeble-minded, maintain their old high rate of reproduction. The total population is still growing, but the increase is due to the least satisfactory and least successful elements of the nation. On any theory of heredity this phenomenon must lead to a deterioration in the average quality of the race, and to an increase in the load of physical and mental incompetence which the more efficient members of the community have to support. Its bearing on the problems of pauperism and crime, unemployment and destitution, cannot safely be ignored. There are two ways in which we may look when searching for a remedy. Legislation, already overdue, somewhat on the lines of the Report of the Royal Commission on the Care of the Feeble-minded, can place the mentally defective under control for their own good and for the protection of society, and perhaps in the future may lighten some of the financial burdens on the parents of satisfactory families in all ranks of life. Secondly, we may look for an improved tone of public opinion in such matters. Early marriages and large families should be encouraged by all possible means where the ancestral qualities are sound, able and healthy, and discouraged in every way where serious hereditary unsoundness makes satisfactory offspring unlikely. The situation is serious, but there is still time for us to reverse the dangerous tendencies which have been revealed.—W. C. D. WRETHAM.

BOLD MAGPIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Jersey is evidently a favoured abode of the magpie. During country rambles it is not an uncommon sight to see frequent flashes of black and white flying rapidly from tree to tree. A pair of these birds have made their home in a friend's garden. She tells me they are very noisy neighbours. Often she is roused in the early hours of the morning by their shrill screams as they scold the cat for casting longing eyes on their nestlings. They are very bold, too, and will come and sit on the low fence opposite the verandah in full view of the

household and scream at the cat. One day they were seen attacking the animal, fluttering round its head and actually pulling it along by its tail. So cowed has the cat become that when pursued by these birds to the bottom of the garden it is afraid to venture back to the house, and has to be carried in by the maid.—G. W.

COCKS OF THE ROCK AT THE ZOO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Zoological Society is to be congratulated in having just secured no fewer than six specimens of the cock of the rock one of the most gorgeous of living birds and a native of South America. All are thriving and will be found in the Small Birds' House with the birds of Paradise in the Society's Gardens. Of a vivid golden orange colour and further ornamented with a great double crest curving forward so as to conceal the beak these birds rival their neighbours, the birds of Paradise. Another peculiarity of these birds which is not readily apparent is the fact that the first primary is produced with a long spine. In course of time, it is to be hoped, we shall have the good fortune to watch the nuptial display of these birds which, like the black cock, engage in wild dances and leaps into the air with outspread wings. Two of these birds are yet in immature plumage, a sombre dress of brown resembling that of the female. Some of the golden feathers, however, have already appeared, and it will be interesting to watch the gradual assumption of the full dress. During the last thirty years only ten specimens of this bird have reached the Gardens, the last in 1885, and never before have so many been seen together. There are two other species of cocks of the rock. These have black tails and wing crests, but are distinguished one from another by the coloration of the rest of the plumage, which in one is orange red and in the other blood red. So far these have never been exhibited in the Society's collection.—W. P. PYCAFT.

HOUSE AND GARDEN PESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In one of your June issues a correspondent is enquiring for a cure for ants. Almost every house, in the suburbs of Cape Town especially, is, or was, more or less troubled by these insects. They travel from the garden to the pantry (or elsewhere, where sweets are stored), and can sometimes be traced a distance of fifty yards. Arsenical poisoning seems to be the only effectual cure, as it is not sufficient to merely kill those found on the spot by boiling water or other means, because the procession still continues. A solution of arsenic and glycerine should be made and applied in narrow streaks across the runs of the insects. A very small, thin application is sufficient at each place, and it will be found that the ants cluster round it in great numbers, eating freely, and, what is more important still, carrying supplies to their nests. It is not certain whether the poisoned ants are eaten by the others or whether the resident ants are directly poisoned by supplies introduced from outside. It is even claimed that the poison is carried to the nest in order to feed the queen ant! In any case the ants will entirely disappear in a few hours, and sometimes not return for weeks, months or not at all. The poison is not attractive to domestic animals, and as such a very small unobtrusive quantity is needed, there is practically no risk in its application. Can any of your readers tell me how to exterminate moles? These little animals burrow and tunnel just beneath the surface of the ground and disturb the roots of plants and spoil the grass plot. I have tried traps, but the moles literally "make rings round them." I do not know how to poison them, or otherwise should have tried this method.—J. DENHAM.

HOW TO CHOOSE STOCKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In saving seed from stocks, should one gather the pods indiscriminately from the single plants and trust to luck about getting doubles the following season?—G. W. H. I.

[If you ignore those plants having a thin, weedy-looking habit of growth and take your seed from the lower half of the superior-looking plants, you will obtain the pick of such strains as you possess. The finest strains of stock seeds are the result of pot-cultivated plants and great experience and expense.—ED.]

HARVEST BUGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A good and pleasant preservative from the attacks of harvest bugs when partridge-shooting is simply to place some verbena leaves, well crumpled, inside stockings and boots. The strong scent will keep them off. I dare say that a few drops of essence of lavender applied to the ankles or stockings would also prove effective.—SPORTSMAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Being an interested reader of your weekly paper and seeing the letter from Mr. Kent, Burgh-next-Aylsham, with regard to harvest bugs, I thought perhaps you might be inclined to insert my experience of them in your columns

for his benefit. Of course, prevention is better than cure, and I find gaiters instead of stockings practically safe, as I used to find they crept through stockings and persecuted me dreadfully. If Mr. Kent finds gaiters too hot in warm weather, he will find a plentiful supply of oil of cloves rubbed on the legs a very good remedy, as the insects seem to strongly object to the smell.—G. B. WIMBUSH.

A GOOD FOSTER-MOTHER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of an Airedale terrier suckling five young lion cubs which were born at the Blackpool Tower last week, the mother is a Cape lioness and the father a Nubian lion, and both are forest-bred. This is an unusual litter for a lioness to have in captivity, and it is probably the first time that so many cubs have been born alive in any zoo in this country.—E. FLETCHER.



WITH HEALTHY APPETITES.

their hunting-grounds in perfect cover. They have to show, however, when they go along the gutter, and this is where I have shot them. On one occasion I had put some cheese in the gutter close to the hole. At exactly a quarter past seven a large rat put his head out and took a piece of cheese. I cocked the gun, and as soon as he looked out a second time shot him. The light report of the .360 disturbs the birds but little. A pair of chaffinches which had been eating some of the cheese scattered to attract the rats were close at hand once when I fired. They flew off at the sound of the shot, but came back in about five minutes. The close shooting of the full choke at about fifteen yards, the usual range at which I shoot, ensures so many pellets hitting a rat that it is killed instantly. This method of getting rid of rats is not only effective, but decidedly interesting; it is like sitting up for a tiger in miniature.—S. L.

A MOSSY YEW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could you or any of your correspondents kindly inform me what would be best to take ordinary green moss off a very old yew tree, and how to apply it? It would have to be harmless to the leaves of the tree, as the moss is growing outside and over all the branches and leaves.—G. S. CROWE.

[Nothing can be used without injuring the trees. The moss evidently comes from the soil, which is not suitable for the yew.—ED.]

AN INTERESTING HOBBY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A friend of mine who is devoted to birds has an excellent idea for encouraging them to her garden to enable her to watch their habits, especially those of the tits. She has made several boxes about one and a-half feet in length, seven inches wide, and of a suitable depth, covered them with cork and fastened them to the trunks of substantial trees. In the centre of the boxes a hole, big enough to admit a bird, is cut, while at the side of each box is a small door. Last year a family of eleven tomtits were reared in one of these boxes, and the mother bird grew so tame that she allowed the side door to be opened and her head to be stroked without evincing any sign of fear. This season the same birds have selected one of the boxes for their nursery, and when I had the privilege of looking into it a few days ago, the nest containing the tiny eggs was covered with soft feathers—it is a habit of the parent birds to cover them from view till the right number of eggs are laid and "sitting" commences. Some tits who had taken possession of one of the other boxes were not so forward, for one of them had been observed making numerous attempts to carry a large feather through the hole. At last its perseverance was rewarded. In winter empty cocoanuts hung near by, filled with melted-down scraps of suet and fat, accustom the birds to the boxes as well as keeping them from starving during the cold weather when bird food is scarce.—G. W.

COUNTRY LIFE IN JAPAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph, by Mr. J. Matsuoka, shows the way in which rice is conveyed from the fields to market.—D. F. B.

DRINKING ARRANGEMENTS FOR COWS IN HOT WEATHER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Now that we are into what is usually the hottest, and therefore the driest, season, it is necessary that the greatest attention should be given to the watering arrangements for cows, cattle, etc. From several districts there have already been reports of serious shortage of water on some farms, and the hardships and annoyances farmers have to suffer from such a calamity are manifold. It may hardly be necessary to dwell on the fact that the watering of cows is at all times a most important subject, but it is of almost vital interest at the present time. Only too often their watering is left entirely in the hands of cowkeepers and labourers, who consider it quite satisfactory to give the animals in their care almost anything in the way of water to drink. The cows from which a copious supply of milk is expected are as often as not taken out to fields which have little or no supply of fresh water, and are left there during the hottest hours of the day, with no shelter from the heat and the burning rays of the sun. Occasionally

A FEUD BETWEEN A CAT AND A DOG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We are daily witnesses of scenes in a drama in the light of which the feuds of clansman and borderer and the vendetta of Corsica and the Levant pale into insignificance, and the facts will probably interest many besides ourselves. The principal actors are Bess, a sable collie, and Turpin, a black tabby; the bone of contention is a diminutive kitten. Bess had been in undivided possession of all attention and affection for some time, when Turpin appeared on the scene; but she was quite prepared to welcome the new arrival in a friendly, though possibly boisterous, spirit. Turpin would have none of it; her social amenities were rigorously confined to her own clan, and relations between the cat and the dog assumed a positive form—emphasised by the latter in truly feminine fashion by making much of another cat which was added to the family menagerie. In due time Turpin had kittens. They were found dead soon after they were born, and the mother was accused of infanticide. Her bearing seemed to suggest such an obvious explanation, and she bore the false accusation with fortitude. The truth came to light when another batch of kittens appeared and she was allowed to retain two to satisfy the mother's instinct. It was noticed that Bess began to take an unexpected interest in the cat's family while Turpin carried her kittens about restlessly from place to place; and eventually Bess was caught red-handed mauling one kitten after having killed the other. Since then they have been closely watched. The dog is persistent in her efforts to get hold of the kitten; the cat is equally persistent in protecting her offspring and makes no secret of the fact that the dog is an open enemy. She has discovered that a flaw in the kitchen dresser gives access to a drawer which just suits her purpose, and every morning the kitten is conveyed by mouth to this safe retreat; then and then only does she seem content. The drama loses much in the telling, but it is surely worth relating, for there are still those who regard "Do animals reason?" as an open question. Some scoff if a reply is anything but a negative.—W. W.

LYING IN WAIT FOR RATS WITH A .360 GUN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Adjoining my house is an outbuilding which is infested with rats. We have found that only the younger rats are to be caught with traps; the old stagers are much too cunning to be dealt with in this way. Having noticed that when things are very quiet the old rats come out at about a quarter past seven in the evening, I decided to try and shoot some of them. I have a full choked .360 walking-stick gun, on which I have fitted sights like a rifle, for the killing circle is so small that it is very easy to miss things unless the aiming is deliberate. This little gun with a load of six and a-half grains of Schultze and one-fifth of an ounce of No. 8 shot seemed to be just the very thing for rat-shooting. There is a convenient window which looks down upon the outhouse, and, sitting at this in the evenings, I have shot several of the aged rats which have defied our attempts to trap them. The rats have made a hole under the slates, and through this get into the rain-gutter which runs along the edge of the outhouse roof. Their habit is to run along the gutter to the corner, where there is a jingly mass of ivy and Japanese honeysuckle; then they climb down through this and, taking advantage of numerous bushes, can make their way abroad to



GOING TO MARKET.

the usual supply of water is to be obtained from a pool, more or less stagnant at all times, which, if not actually dried up altogether in hot weather, contains a slimy, evil-smelling fluid which can only be described as nauseating. It is at once apparent that the effects of drinking such water cannot but be detrimental to the cows and their milk, and yet it is a peculiar fact that the animals almost seem to prefer to drink from such places rather than from regularly filled receptacles of clean water. In many cases this perverted taste is due to force of habit more than anything else; but it is obvious that the cows should not be allowed to indulge it more than can possibly be avoided. Milk cows should be placed only in fields where the supply of water is clean and fresh, and if this cannot be done, they should be taken to water at least once during the course of the day. Even the extra labour involved by taking a supply to them in a water-butt would be preferable to, and infinitely better than, allowing them to drink from such dangerous sources as half-dried stagnant pools.—J. A. M.

SNOW IN JULY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Many of your readers unacquainted with the Highlands may find it hard to credit the fact that there exists at this season of the year in the British Isles a snowdrift as deep as that shown in the accompanying photograph. This was taken on Saturday, July 2nd. For aught I know there may be some far deeper in this Ben Nevis range. MacRae, the man at the bottom of the drift, stands six feet. The stick in his hand measures exactly five feet. The wall of snow against which he is standing is about ten feet high. Above this is a dome of snow, on the top of which stands Mr. John Stewart, head-keeper, Inverlair. His height is five feet eight inches. We estimated the depth of snow from eighteen to twenty feet—a relic of the last severe winter.—H. G. MAINWARING.

A PRECOCIOUS PULLET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps the history of my precocious pullet may be interesting to your readers. On September 5th last fifteen chickens were hatched, eleven of them being cockerels, and the remaining four pullets. One of these began to lay on March 12th, and to my surprise, I discovered on March 25th that she was broody. This precocious pullet was not seven months old; but I decided to let her have some eggs, for I was anxious to see the result, so nine eggs were procured, and the pullet was put to sit on them. She soon settled down, and during the following three weeks she sat as steadily as an old hen, except that one day she got loose during the quarter of an hour that she was allowed off, and when her time was up was found scratching about at the further end of the field; however, when called she walked sedately and quietly back to her nest. The day before the eggs were due to hatch I noticed that the pullet had killed one chicken and that seven of the other eggs were chipping, so, for fear my young pullet might continue to develop murderous tendencies, I visited the nest several times during the day. On one occasion a chick chirped; the pullet, not understanding such behaviour, pecked it vigorously, and I foresaw that if I left the eggs for her to hatch unaided she would certainly kill them all. So, putting the chipped eggs in a basket with a hot-water bottle near the fire, I proceeded to act the young mother's part by assisting the chicks out of their shells. On going again, a few hours later, to look at my adopted children there were seven beautiful little chicks.



ALLIGATORS BEING HATCHED.

But now the question was, would the pullet take to them? I put her into a coop, and then presented her with the chickens. To my horror she pecked them, trampled them, and would have nothing whatever to do with them. I shut her up in disgust and took the chickens back to the fire, wondering if I should have to bring them up by hand. Later in the day I tried again. Putting the chicks on the grass, I took the pullet out of the coop and held her by the wing; I then

stroked her and talked to her, until, to my delight, she gradually became quieter and finally allowed the chicks to creep under her wings. A few days later the proud young mother might have been seen escorting her family for a walk. They soon learnt to scratch and find worms and insects, and on warm days they would lie or sit in the sun in the most old-fashioned manner. When they were about



A COLD SUMMER.

five weeks old their mother began to lay again, but still did not desert her children until they were too old to need her.—B. B.

THE "GENTLE NIGHTINGALE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think the following may be somewhat unusual and worth your attention, as so few people actually see a nightingale in the act of singing save half hidden in a copse. I have had two nests in my garden this year, one about one hundred yards behind my house and the other, of which I speak, within sixty or eighty yards of the front door. The birds on both sides were magnificent singers, and while both sang at night, the one in front sang also splendidly all day. In due course, when the young birds of the front brood were fledged, I began to see them and their mother, all calling with their peculiar "purr" to one another, in the shrubs among the herbaceous plants and on some old apple trees. At intervals during the day, especially at early morning, they were all round the front door, and the young ones were quite free from shyness. They evidently found plenty to eat, but the mother came from time to time and gave them tit-bits. I do not think I ever saw more than three young ones at once, but I fancy there were more in hiding, judging from the notes. The young birds were nearly as large as their mother, but plumper, and less ruddy brown, as to their backs, only towards the base of the tail. The mother was in fine plumage, her ruddy back and ashen grey breast being in fine contrast. After about a week they have practically disappeared, though I still hear them in the shrubs, but their "tame-ness" at one time was remarkable.—ARTHUR H. BOISSIER.

AN ALLIGATOR'S NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Herewith I send you a photograph of a wild alligator's nest recently secured in the Everglades of Florida, where this creature is still to be found in fairly large numbers. As luck would have it, the young alligators were just breaking out of their shells when the nest was discovered. The mother had been shot by a member of a surveying party, or it would have been dangerous to stand by the nest, these reptiles not hesitating to attack anything that approaches the vicinity of their breeding-places. There were twenty-three eggs in all, not a particularly large number seeing that these creatures often lay from thirty to sixty eggs in a single nest. They are similar in shape to an ordinary duck's egg, and about three inches in length. Curiously enough, it is a disputed question among naturalists as to how many eggs an alligator is capable of laying in a single nest. Some little time ago Mr. H. J. Campbell, known throughout the United States as "Alligator Joe," and owner of two alligator farms, somewhat startled naturalists by declaring that he once came upon a nest in the Everglades containing no fewer than two hundred and eighteen eggs. From the corre-

spondence that followed it would appear that the statement was true, as several persons gave instances of nests that contained over a hundred eggs. The duration of incubation depends upon climatic conditions, for the eggs, of course, are hatched by the heat of the sun. When they first appear the young alligators are about the same size as lizards, and almost as lively. They make ideal pets, and those obtained from the particular nest under notice readily found owners.—H. J. S.